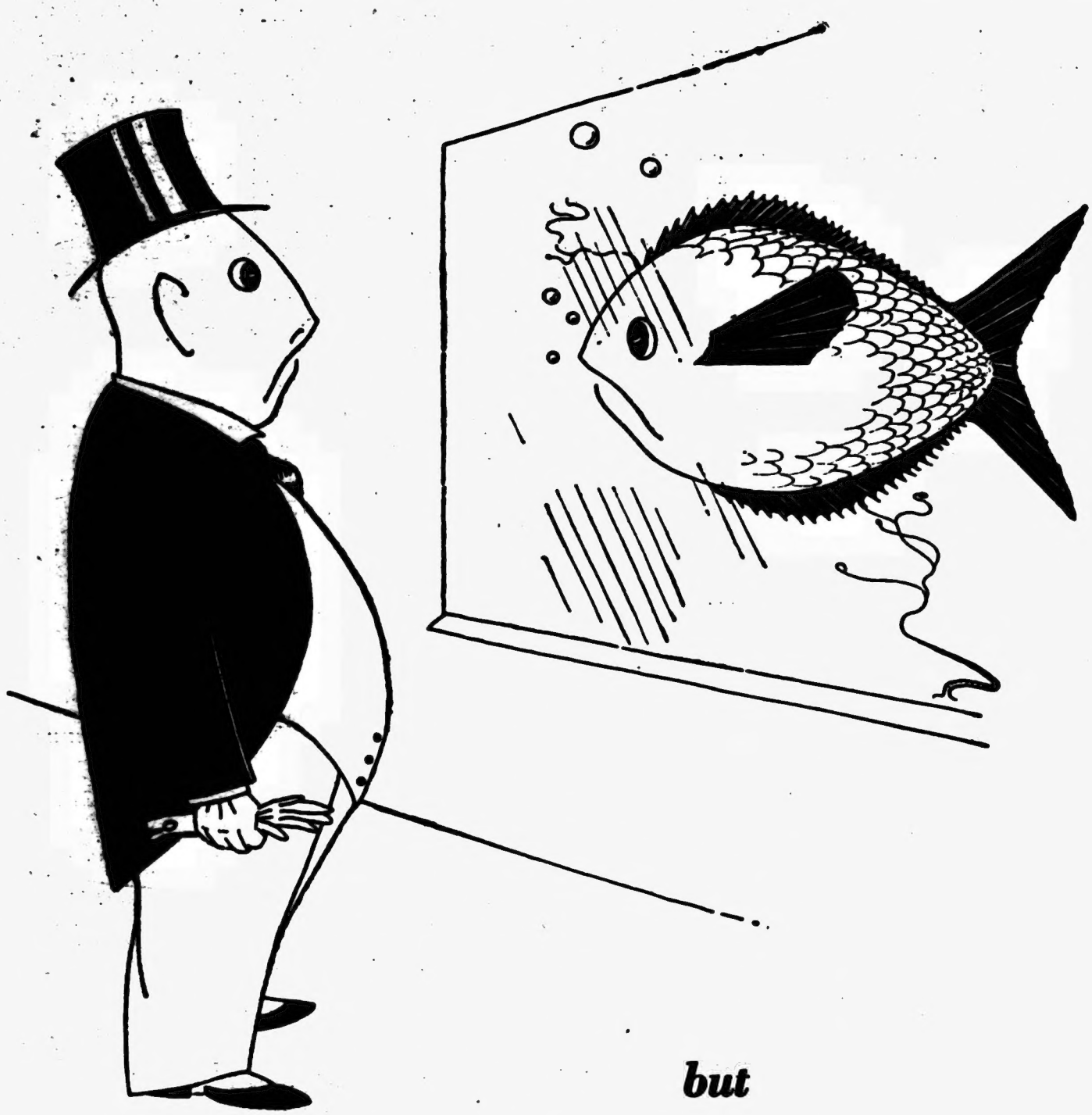
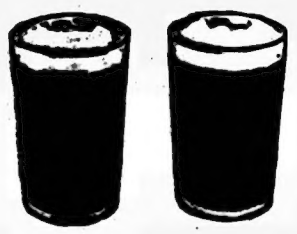
JOHN BULL
TWOPENCE



but

there's nothing like a Guinness



except another Guinness

G.E.756.F.

DEATH IN THE GARAGE

ONLY her son's prompt action saved Mrs. Cross, of 20, Glenthorne Road, Erdington, from sharing the fate of her husband, who was found lying dead on the floor of his garage, grasping a wire from his self-installed electric light extension. His wife, not realising that the wire was alive, stooped to lift him up and instantly received the full force of the current. She would have been unable to get free had her son not realised the position and quickly dashed the wire away.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE

As Mr. Cross was a registered reader of "John Bull," his widow has received a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

In addition to paying numerous other Accident Benefits, "John Bull" is still the *only* paper in the world to safeguard Registered Readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, TEMPEST, and is still the *only* paper to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£793.12.6 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed to Registered Readers or their dependants no less than £793 12s. 6d. as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£464	12	6
Accidents Benefits—Adults ...	£209	0	0
Children's Accidents	£120	0	0
	£793	12	6

This great GIFT of Security stands without parallel in practical value. Since the scheme was launched the colossal sum of over £600,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependants—a world record in Weekly Periodical Free Insurance.

A SECURITY GIFT WORTH £2 2s. 0d. Similar protection to that which "John Bull" offers you free would, if taken out through an insurance company, cost at least two guineas in annual premiums.

Remember! One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen).

With "John Bull's" Certificate of Security safe under lock and key in your homes you will feel a tremendous relief. Every minute of the day you will be able to face the future with confidence, for you will have that most comforting of all knowledge, the knowledge that in the event of misfortune to yourself, your dependants or your home, there is a friend to whom you can turn for speedy and open-handed assistance . . .

In our daily round we have to face the risks and dangers, and Fate does not discriminate. That is why the completion of the Forms below for our Insurance Gift is of vital importance to you; in fact, a duty to yourself and those you love, so ACT NOW.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFIT

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 2/4/38

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 2/4/38

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 3 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 272, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3d

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

CARDINAL TRANSPARENT POLISH

gives a fine lasting gloss to Multicoloured Tile Floors

Also in Red, Green, Cream, White and Buff

Of all Dealers.

6 FARTHINGS

Made by Makers of Mansion Polish CP/AE/3.

SCOTT GARAGES from 5/- DEPOSIT

GARDEN SHEDS FROM 2/-

GEORGE SCOTT & CO.

DEPT. 5, THANET HOUSE, 231 STRAND, W.C.2 (OPPOSITE LAW COURTS) CEN. 2000

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MAKERS

8 x 25 Model for 7/6

yours for 3/- dep.

DAVIS & CO.

PIANO ACCORDIONS

BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

from 1/- weekly

J. A. DAVIS & CO.

(Dept. J.B. 461),

94-104, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.

yours for 3d DEPOSIT

The Biggest Watch Bargain of the Century!

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (J.B.33), 94/104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

THORNS Garden Sheds 2/-

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Dep.	Apply
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	69/-	5/6
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	85/-	5/6
9ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	69/-	6/-
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	79/-	6/6

Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Esg. & Wales. Please Boost No. 92 from J. THORNS & SONS, LTD., Dept. 92, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

I'll show you how to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your treatment the best investment I have ever made." If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day.

Gilbert Stanley

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE LTD. (Dept. B.H. 49), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

THIS WATCH & CHAIN FREE!

There is no "catch" in it. This watch is a genuine Sunshine-proof Swiss Lever Watch in Chrome Case, warranted 3 years, and sent complete with silver-plated pocket-chain. Our reputation will convince you that this is a genuine offer to popularise our 100% Sheffield "Hubi-Lite" 5-hole type double-edged Razor Blades at 1/- for 12. All you have to do is to buy 3 packets for 3/- (post, etc., 6d.). If not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable—keep the watch and chain, return the blades, and money will be refunded. Send P.O. for 3/6. Nothing more to pay.

OXFORD STREET STORES

(Dept. B.W.J.9), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1. 3rd Floor. Next door Tottenham Court Road Tube.

KEEP FIT

WEAR THE H.-A.-S.-BRACE

Counteract that Stoop! Be Young and Healthy! DEVELOP AN UPRIGHT, GRACEFUL FIGURE! BREATHE BETTER! FEEL BETTER! LOOK BETTER!

Harrison's Adjustable Shoulder Brace

Keeps your Chest Expanded, Head Up and Shoulders Square. For Either Sex of All Ages. Undetectable.

2/11 Also in Art. Silk at 3/11

(Sent Privately) State Size Chest. R. HARRISON, 6 (L) Highfield Terrace, Saltaire, Yorkshire.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

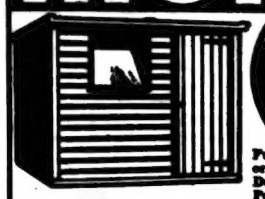
"H.-A.-S.-BRACE" Combined with Trouser Supports or Waist Belt 1/6 extra.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Presidential" Reversible SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Dwelling, Dining and Bedrooms, etc., handsomely hardwearing in 20 Turkey patterns and Luxuriously shades of Crimson, Greens, and Lovely Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Regent Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs, and 2 Doormats for 20/-, Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

THORNS



Garden Sheds 2'3

Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. England & Wales.

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	& M'thly	FREE Book No. 53 from J. Thorn & Sons, Ltd., Rop St. Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent
4ft.	4ft.	6ft.	32/-	2/6	2/11
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	42/-	3/6	3/10
7ft.	5ft.	6ft.	50/-	3/9	4/1
8ft.	6ft.	7ft.	73/6	4/6	6/6

CHRYSANTHEMUMS. LARGE EARLY FLOWERING.

Latest varieties large plants. Guaranteed July and August flowering. 3 Red, 3 Yellow, 3 Bronze, 3 White, 3 Pink, 3 Cream, 3 Golden, 4 Cories.

THE WHOLE COLLECTION of 25 for 2/6.

CARNATIONS. GIANT DOUBLE FLOWERING.

Border Plants, best varieties. 3 Scarlet, 3 Apricot, 3 White, 3 Pink, 2 Cories, 2 Yellow, 2 Mauve.

THE WHOLE COLLECTION of 18 for 2/6.

ANTIRRHINUMS 25 LARGE FLOWERING PLANTS

Mixed Colours, for immediate planting 1/6.

GLADIOLI. Top size Bulbs only. Mixed varieties 25 for 1/6. 100 for 4/-.

All orders carriage paid cash with order.

SHARNBROOK NURSERIES LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Park View Road, Welling, Kent.

7/6 FOR 4/11

Write for BARGAIN BOOK FREE

Amazing Value-Giving offer of our Ladies' Wonder "Comfort" Shoe—delightful, resilient comfort—astounding wear! Fine soothingly soft Black or Brown Glace uppers *Money back Guarantee.*

Strong waterproof double wear sole of pure plantation finished Crepe Rubber that *tend to every foot movement like magic.* Like walking on air! Wide toe and fitting. 2—8. 4/11. *Post ed.*

Write NOW & ENJOY SUPER COMFORT

LONDON GLOVE CO., LTD., 45, Cheapside, E.C.2

ALL FREE

What a Gift Offer! Think of it—a double-bladed Pocket Knife with mother of pearl handle, a self-filling Fountain Pen with 14-ct. gold-plated nib and Propelling Pencil to match, boxed moire silk Home Book, white rubber Eraser and Pocket Telescope which shuts to 3 in. All these complete in presentation case with velvet background. Besides these there is a Gift Offer of a Free Pocket Watch. All absolutely FREE to introduce our famous 3-hole type Sheffield Steel "Multi Life" Razor Blades. Just buy one packet of 12 blades for 1/6 including postage. Money refunded if blades not equal to any 6d. blade.

Send P.O. 1/6 to-day—no more to pay.

OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk J.B.F.K.9), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

I WAY BEDCHAIR

EASY CHAIR-LOUNGE-CHAIR-FULL-LENGTH BED-FIRE-SIDE SEAT

FULL SIZE

17/6 OR 1/- WEEKLY

PATENTED SEAT, SOLID OAK FRAME, TURNED LEGS, 3 VELVET COVERS GUARANTEED, COLOURS TO SUIT EVERYONE. Send for new coloured Catalogue of wonderful bargains in Upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites. *Carriage and Packing, England and Wales 2/6. Cheques, Reg. Letters or Crossed P.O.s to*—

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO. LTD., 84, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

NAIL BITING

stop it!

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: '*Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.*' Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8

QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN SCYTHE

FREE

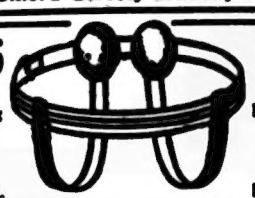
SPECIAL SHARPENER FOR SCYTHE INCLUDED FREE NEXT 7 DAYS

COMPLETE WITH HANDLE 2/6 CARR. 6d

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor-edge tempered steel 9 in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW. P.O. 3/- to:

Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. A3) 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

10/6 SINGLE 15/6 DOUBLE



Ex. Strong 15/- in Silk Elastic 17/6 Postage 4d.

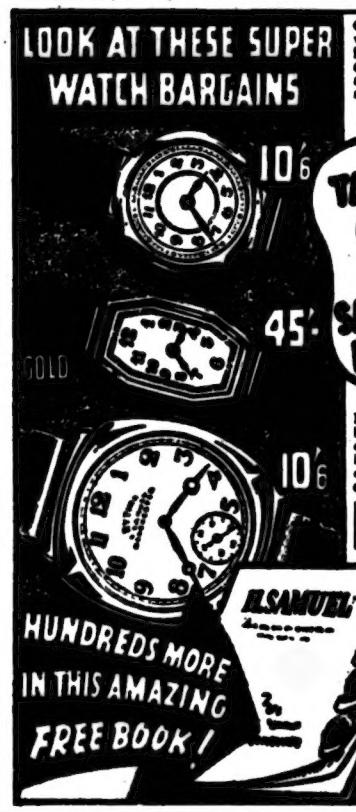
Ex. Strong 22/6 in Silk Elastic 26/- Postage 4d.

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unquestionable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once, stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. Supplied through approved scientists.

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B76), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

LOOK AT THESE SUPER WATCH BARGAINS



10/6

45/-

10/6

HUNDREDS MORE IN THIS AMAZING FREE BOOK!

Only H. Samuel can offer such amazing value! His vast turnover at direct from factory cash prices is the secret! Like every H. Samuel watch, those shown here are expertly tested and adjusted, and their accuracy is covered by a written guarantee.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE ON A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL!- SATISFACTION or MONEY BACK GUARANTEED!

Hundreds of fine Watches illustrated in his Free Gift Book, also sensational bargains in diamond and gem-set rings and lovely jewellery of every description. H. Samuel's money-saving Factory Cash Prices apply to every lovely treasure in his huge factory and 99 shops. No middle profits or credit charges! This means savings of up to 50%, for you and your satisfaction or money back is guaranteed! The coupon below brings you the world's finest Gift Book—FREE! POST IT NOW!

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99 Branches in Gt. Britain. *Headquarters and Post Orders:* Market St., Manchester, 1

POST NOW! To H. SAMUEL, Dept. 198, Market St., Manchester, 1.

Please send me your GIANT FREE GIFT BOOK of Watches, Clocks, Rings, Jewellery, Silverware and Cutlery beautifully illustrated in full colour.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Two super quality All Wool Blankets, snow white finish, woven Blue Borders, whipped ends, 66 x 88in, 8lb. Two White Pillow Cases with flap buttoned ends, 20 x 30in. One White Bolster Case to match, 20 x 6Uin. Two White Fleecy Blankets whipped ends 70 x 90in, 4½lb. Two Grey Bolton Twill Sheets hemmed, 70x90in. One super quality Fadeless Alhambra Quilt. 72 x 94in. 52/- Or 4/- Monthly.

No charge for Easy Payments. Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

4/- Monthly

BARRIE GARAGES

FROM 5/- DOWN

OTHER MODELS FROM

L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pm.
6	6	77/6	6/-	7/-
10	7	112/6	7/-	10/3
12	7	122/6	7/6	11/1
14	8	162/6	10/-	14/9

DELIVERY FREE ENGLAND & WALES, RAIL OR LORRY

GARDEN SHEDS

FROM 2/- DOWN

OTHER MODELS FROM

L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pm.
4	3	35/-	2/-	2/3
6	4	60/-	4/-	5/6
8	6	70/-	6/-	6/6
12	8	110/-	8/-	9/10

Catalogue FREE and Post Free.

ROBERT BARRIE & CO. LTD., MANCHESTER 2

SOHO MYNA Look!!!

Landscapes, portraits, groups (size 3½in. by 2½in.) can be taken with the new "MYNA" all-British folding camera. It has a large brilliant view finder, quick loading action and is finished in crinkle black and chromium plate. A very smart and efficient camera.

Wonderful value at 15/-

Ask your dealer or write direct to:

SOHO LTD., 3, Soho Square, London, W.1

SENSATIONAL NOVELTY REDUCED 9d

"DOUBLE-WAVE" Comb which WAVES HAIR WITHOUT HEAT OR ANY OTHER APPLIANCE at 9d. each, post 3d., a price that you cannot afford to miss. No matter whether short or long—simply comb your hair to produce beautiful natural waves. No curling irons, bother or steam. Will save you pounds in hairdressers' bills. The 48 specially shaped teeth give truly amazing results. Your money willingly refunded if not delighted. Send P.O. 1/- at once (stamps not accepted). No Lone Shadd in coat nor tortoiseshell, 2/6 post free.

OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk J.F.C.14), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1. 3rd Floor, next door Tottenham Court Road Tube.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

£2-16-9 PROFIT ON 5/3

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs, Fetes or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 600-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-16-9 profit at 5d. per punch, and £5-0-0 at 1d. per punch. Agents working our special profit-sharing plan are making £5 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 600-hole board 3/9 post and illustrated price list .. .. free.

Discount for dozen lots.

BURDON HUNTER (Punchboard Specialist), 483, Camomile Street Chambers, London, E.C. TRADE SUPPLIED.

STOP THOSE NOISES SPOILING YOUR LISTENING

A child of 5 could fix the 'Inductor.' Just fix end of lead into X terminal and other terminal to aerial socket on set. No soldering, no alterations—it goes outside set. Interference, oscillation, "jamming," hum and all unwanted noises cease immediately, giving clear mellow tone. All makes of sets without exception will be improved with one of these. No upkeep. Lasts for ever. Thousands of testimonials received. Price 1/3 only post free. Money back if dissatisfied. Send 1/3 Postal Order to-day (stamps not accepted).

1/3 POST FREE

OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk J.B.I.3), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

1/- A WEEK BIG BARGAINS

NEW Catalogue FREE

FREE CATALOGUE GIVES DETAILS OF OUR 1/- A WEEK TERMS

FREE

FREE WRIST WATCH

Coat sent for 1/6, Suit for 2/- POST FREE. Promise 2/- fortnightly. No. 98. SWAGGER COAT, All Wool Prince Cloth. Fully Lined Art Silk, Peter-Pan Collar. Latest Back with Yoke and Channel Seam. London Tan, Petrol Blue, Moss Green, Lt. Brown, S.W's and W's 20/6, O.S. 3/- Extra. No. 2017. Worsted-Finished Cloth. Dark Mixtures of Blue, Grey or Brown. Chest 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42in. S.S., 42; D.S., 2/6 Extra. FREE Shoes with either on first payment. Buy size and Black or Brown. Delight or Money Back.

PAIN'S Fireworks House Ltd., Dept. 20, Hastings.

SOUTH WESTERN GREENHOUSES

FROM 4/- MONTH

OTHER MODELS FROM

L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pm.
6	6	68/-	4/-	4/6
7	6	88/-	4/-	5/6
9	6	78/-	4/6	7/6
12	8	168/-	8/-	15/-

DELIVERY FREE ENGLAND & WALES, RAIL OR LORRY

GARDEN SHEDS

FROM 2/- MONTH

OTHER MODELS FROM

L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pm.
4	3	28/-	2/-	2/3
6	4	48/-	4/-	5/6
8	6	78/-	6/-	6/6
12	8	118/-	8/-	9/10

Catalogue FREE and Post Free.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. LIMITED, DEPT. S, HIGGIN RD., FULHAM, S.W.6. FUL. 1121

GENUINE SURPLUS STOCK

500 ONLY FOR DISPOSAL

PILOT BINOCULARS

5/9 POST 6d

JUST WEAR THEM LIKE GLASSES

No more aching arms! Very light and comfortable. These spectacle binoculars have independent eye focussing—the same principle as EXPENSIVE PRISMATIC BINOCULARS costing £8.8.0. Powerful magnification makes them ideal for all distances. For marine or sports use, theatres, etc. This offer cannot be repeated. Send P.O. 5/9 now. Solid leather grained case 1/9 extra.

OXFORD STREET STORES (J.B.S.B.9), 7, Oxford St., London, W.1, 3rd floor, Next Door Tottenham Court Road Tube.

Send for BIG FREE CATALOGUE

SUTCLIFFES STORE SHED

FROM 3/8 MONTHLY

Design S.S. Small Sheds, 25/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Fruit, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections. Easily the best value. Sent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash.	Monthly
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 0 0	3/8
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£3 3 0	5/3
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 5 0	7/7
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£5 10 0	10/8

CATALOGUE FREE. Garages, 77/6; Greenhouses, 57/6; Aviaries, 45/-; Kennels, 27/-; Asbestos Garages, £3 5s.; Workshops, £4; Poultry Cabins, 28/-, etc. Carriage paid.

F. & R. Sutcliffe Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Holbeck Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford St., W.1.

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

Turn pen into Lite NOW

CYCLES FROM 65/- CASH OR TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1938 Models at lower prices and terms than agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

"John Bull's" Magnificent Lifetime

THIS SUPERB £6·6·0

71 PIECES

SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS—FIRTH STAINLESS STEEL KNIVES

TO-DAY "John Bull" extends to its readers one opportunity only to secure a Presentation which for sheer value is absolutely without parallel. A MAGNIFICENT Sheffield-made Canteen of Cutlery! Seventy-one lovely pieces—Spoons and Forks with a Guaranteed deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING and Mirror Polish—Knives made of the famous Guaranteed Firth Stainless Steel, with Mirror Polish—All in a beautiful Canteen in rich Jacobean Oak shade! WHAT A JOY TO POSSESS! Small wonder that "John Bull" is proud this week to announce this great Presentation to its readers. Think of it! This lovely £6-6-0 Canteen of Cutlery can be yours, provided you act quickly, on remarkable Presentation Terms. This amazing Presentation represents such marvellous value that only a very strictly limited supply of these beautiful Canteens is available. As soon as the full number of Canteens has been applied for, no further reservations will be accepted, and the offer will be withdrawn and will not be repeated. All applications will be treated in strict rotation. It is definitely a case of first come, first served! The demand will be tremendous. Apply NOW for this wonder Canteen for your home or you will be too late. Post the Reservation Forms below TO-DAY!

If you could see this handsome Canteen of Cutlery you'd instantly fall in love with it—it's irresistible!

SEE what it contains. There are SIX TABLE KNIVES and SIX TABLE FORKS—SIX DESSERT KNIVES and SIX DESSERT FORKS—SIX DESSERT SPOONS and SIX TEA SPOONS—SIX SOUP SPOONS—SIX PASTRY FORKS—SIX PAIRS OF FISH EATERS—TWO TABLE SPOONS—TWO MUSTARD SPOONS—TWO SALT SPOONS—ONE JAM SPOON—ONE PAIR OF SUGAR TONGS—and—a lovely THREE-PIECE CARVING SET consisting of KNIFE, FORK and STEEL—a Complete Family Canteen—every piece exquisitely designed in the most popular style—every piece perfectly made and balanced—a gleaming, high-class collection of plate that offers a lifetime of pleasure and usage.

Sheffield! The world's most famous cutlery centre—a name that is a guarantee of all that is best—the hall mark of incomparable craftsmanship and quality—that is where this beautiful Canteen is being specially created for your home! The table and dessert knives are made of the renowned Firth Steel—the finest steel for the purpose. Each knife blade is guaranteed STAINLESS STEEL and is finished with a sparkling deluxe mirror polish. The blade and haft of each knife form one piece which is firmly and attractively set well down into the handle. The handles are oval-shaped and made of super-quality delicately GRAINED WHITE IVORINE—a lovely contrast to the glittering steel. The table and dessert forks, the twenty-five various spoons and the sugar tongs are heavy-weight, and are the most graceful you've ever seen. Every spoon and every fork, including the fish eaters and the pastry forks, has a GUARANTEED deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING, with a brilliant mirror polish finish.

Included in this fine Canteen is a THREE-PIECE CARVING SET, consisting of a CARVING KNIFE with 8-inch blade made of Firth Stainless Steel with mirror polish, a forged steel carving fork, and a sharpening steel—a set that adds the final touch of excellence.

The three pieces of this Carving Set, like the Table and Dessert Knives, are each in one piece, with the haft well set down into the handle in each case. The handles, too, are of delicately GRAINED WHITE IVORINE—oval finished—matching the rest of the set.

The Case is beautifully and strongly made and finished in a rich Jacobean oak shade. It is lined throughout with an attractive Fawn Baise and contains racks and divisions for each article. The design of the Canteen is in an attractive, modern style, and is registered and exclusive to this Canteen. The Case is fitted with decorative clasps and solid brass hinges, and is mounted on four shaped feet polished to match the Case. The complete Canteen of Cutlery will be distributed to readers in eleven Sets straight from the manufacturers. Look on the right and see the order in which they reach you.

DO THIS NOW First, fill in the Reservation Form and Label below, and post them at once to "John Bull." YOU SEND NO MONEY WITH THESE FORMS. On receipt of the Reservation Form and Label, bearing a halfpenny stamp, you will be sent a beautiful folder in colours fully describing and illustrating the Complete Canteen—and a Book containing your Eleven Presentation Vouchers, entitling you to qualify for the Complete Canteen of Cutlery set by set. Directly your application is received arrangements will be made for your Canteen to be specially prepared for you and your first Set, consisting of Three Table Knives and Three Table Forks, will be put in hand to be ready for dispatch straight from the manufacturer carriage paid to your home. As soon as the First Set has been dispatched, the Second Set will be put in hand, to be ready for dispatch to you, and so on until your Canteen of Cutlery is complete.

In order to qualify for each set, you are asked to send in one of your Presentation Vouchers accompanied by Four Tokens cut from four consecutive issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible are the "starred" series, and will be found in the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull." You may commence with starred Token No. 1 from next week's issue.

All that you are asked to send for each set of cutlery with each of the completed Cutlery vouchers, is the amazingly low sum of only 8s. 9d., which includes special packing in carton, insurance, carriage, etc. With Voucher No. 5—for the Case itself—you are asked to send 6s. 9d.

That is all. There is nothing more to pay or do—YOU SEND NO MONEY NOW WITH THE RESERVATION FORM AND LABEL BELOW. NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE COMPLETE 71-PIECE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY.

Urgent Never again will an opportunity like this come your way. Unless you are amongst the first applicants you may be too late. Seize this wonderful opportunity NOW. Fill in the Forms below and POST AT ONCE.

This is how the Sets reach you

SET 1
Three TABLE KNIVES
Three TABLE FORKS

SET 2
Six DESSERT SPOONS
Three TEASPOONS

SET 3
Three Pairs FISH EATERS
One Pair SUGAR TONGS

SET 4
Three DESSERT KNIVES
Three DESSERT FORKS
One TABLE SPOON

SET 5
JACOBEAN OAK SHADE CASE
To hold the complete 71 *Pieces*

SET 6
Three Pairs FISH EATERS
One JAM SPOON

SET 7
Three TABLE KNIVES
Three TABLE FORKS

SET 8
Six PASTRY FORKS
Two SALT SPOONS
Two MUSTARD SPOONS

SET 9
Three-piece CARVING SET—Knife, Fork and Steel

SET 10
Six SOUP SPOONS
Three TEASPOONS

SET 11
Three DESSERT KNIVES
Three DESSERT FORKS
One TABLE SPOON

ONLY FORMS TO APPEAR—*Post at once!*

CUT AROUND DOTTED RULE. DO NOT SEPARATE LABEL AND RESERVATION FORM

☞ SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM ☜

"John Bull"

RESERVATION FORM

Address your envelope exactly as shown on right and post to

"John Bull" Presentation Dept. J.C.1,
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2.

This Form reserves in your name the complete Presentation

71-PIECE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY

IN accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name a Presentation 71-Piece Canteen of Cutlery to be qualified for in Eleven Sets. Please send me by return the Colour Folder illustrating and fully describing my Canteen together with a Book containing my Eleven Official Presentation Vouchers on which to qualify at intervals of four weeks. I certify that I have NOT already reserved a 71-Piece Canteen of Cutlery under this Scheme. The Newsagent whose name and address are given below holds my written order for the regular supply of my copies of "John Bull."

READER'S SIGNATURE .....
Write clearly below in Block Letters.

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

NAME OF NEWSAGENT .....

ADDRESS .....

Date .....

The last day for receipt of applications from this announcement is Tuesday, April 12, 1938.
This offer applies only to persons residing in Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland or Eire. N.B.—Applicants from Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.
"John Bull," 2/4/1938

The Label on the right must be enclosed with this Reservation Form. It will be used for mailing to you your Eleven Presentation Vouchers. You must fill it in with your name and full postal address in Block Letters and affix a halfpenny stamp to space provided. This Form and Label may be posted in an unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp.

Leave Blank
Checked and Verified
.....
District Supervisor

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by you.

NAME .....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

J.B. C.C.

Presentation for the Homes of its readers

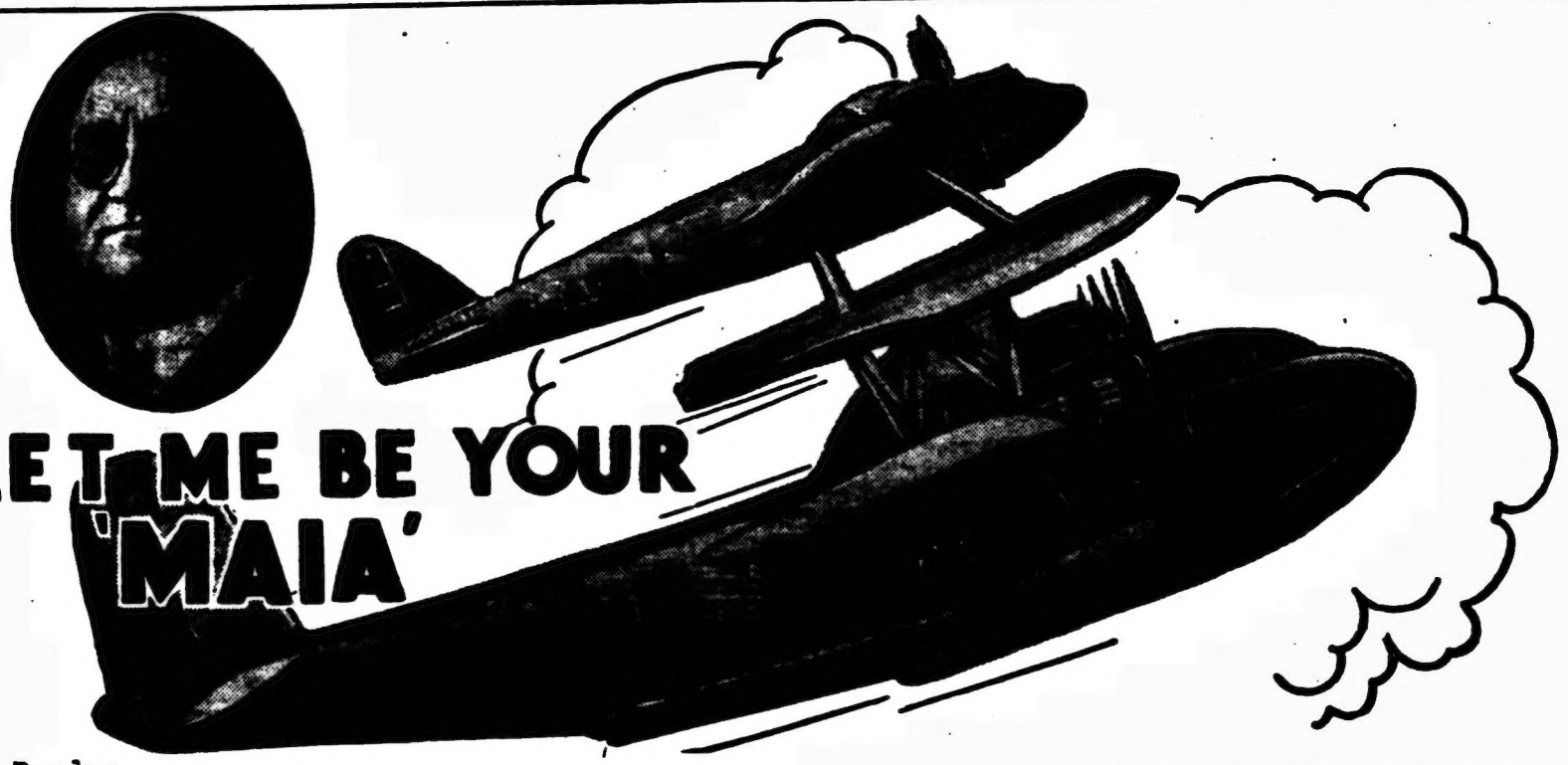
CANTEEN of CUTLERY

On the right is a natural illustration of this magnificent Canteen of Cutlery. Actual size of the Case is 18½ in. long by 12½ in. back to front by 2¾ in. deep.

Here is a Canteen of Cutlery that you will be proud to own. It is a household treasure that will give a lifetime of faithful service to your home.

ASK YOUR WIFE

what SHE thinks about this magnificent Canteen? Every woman knows what a handicap it is to have a limited supply of Cutlery, especially on those occasions when there is entertaining to be done. A really complete canteen of Cutlery of such beauty and value as this Presentation is far too good to be missed. It is a Presentation, too, that would make a thrilling wedding present for a friend!



LET ME BE YOUR 'MAIA'

Dear Reader,

The successful launching of the composite Mayo Aircraft reminds me vividly of my own position, with one difference only—the Maia is new, whereas I have been acting as parent for well over thirty years and have given a start in life and the uplift to tens of thousands.

These are no mere words. There are thousands of old Bennett College Students who are now in high positions because of the assistance that a Bennett College Training has given them. Whether you wish your journey in life to be in Commercial, Scientific or Technical spheres, the Bennett College has the same facilities for helping your advancement.

What the 'Maia' is to the 'Mercury'—let me be to you. If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or if your career is not decided, write and tell me of your likes and dislikes, and I will give you personal advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation. It is our pleasure to help. Do not forget that success is not the prerogative of the brilliant. Our experience of over thirty years proves that the will to succeed achieves more than outstanding brilliancy.

Sincerely Yours,

J. H. Bennett

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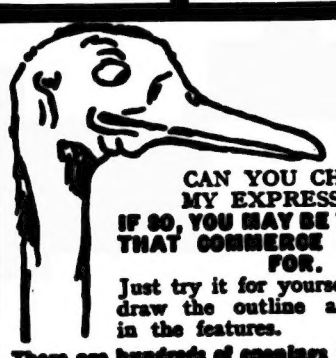

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Jean Buck

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JOHN BULL

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2463.
Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 2, 1938.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Let League Try its Strength
These Men Refused to Starve
Blackcoats get the Blues

So now we know why Mr. Chamberlain wants us to stand aloof while the Dictators carve up the map.

It is only because the League of Nations "wants nursing back to health."

Good. The next step, then, should be to re-examine the invalid. It might be stronger than he thinks!

A Plain Question

Britain and France must summon the League in view of this admission of the Prime Minister.

The fifty-eight nations should be asked the plain question: "Are you in favour of Collective Security? Will you join us in opposing any country that menaces another for mere reasons of self-aggrandisement?"

If the answer is "No," we know where we are.

Those who join us will become part of the nucleus of the *vital* League against aggressors.

No Faint-Hearts on This

After all, the strength of any institution lies in its members.

True, on the League's past showing the weaker nations see little reason for hope. They think of China, of Abyssinia, of Austria.

But determination is infectious.

With Britain and France showing new resolution, such a call for unity would have amazing results.

Well Worth Trying

In any case, let the League try its strength.

Mr. Chamberlain admits that, standing together as a League, they may become "the surest and most effective guarantee for peace the world can find."

Admission, surely, that Collective Security is still worth striving after.

Snail's Progress

Mr. Chamberlain's policy, which he more or less admits he accepted as second-best, is one of marking time.

And marking time never gets you a yard away from the middle of the parade ground.

Nor does a snail's progress.

Splitting Hairs

Foreign affairs yield one smile, however.

Having solemnly recognised in 1923 "that the future of South-West Africa is now linked up with that of South Africa," Germany is splitting hairs.

She is arguing with South Africa that "now" meant "for the time being," not "from this time on."

Scraps of Paper

We don't see that it matters.

Promises that Germany can't quibble about are apt to get torn up.

Dusting the Dossiers

So we turn to comedy nearer home and notice that the recommendations of the Maybury Committee on Civil Aviation have been taken out of the official pigeon-holes where they have lain for twelve months.

This because the Cadman Committee on Civil Aviation has seen good in them.

Just a few more Committees on Civil Aviation and something will be done.

And That's That

Anyhow, it's good that the departmental committee appointed in 1936 by the Secretary of Mines—to consider firedamp tests—has reported at last.

It announces that it has failed to agree on the main question before it.

They Think Alike

We don't suppose a hundred honest-to-goodness British miners brought up from the pit-face to consider firedamp would disagree about it.

Even if they did, you'd know before a year or more had passed.

"Watchdog" Awakes

Then there is the Food Council—"the consumers' watchdog." We must really get our own watchdog to bite it!

Solemnly it announces what you and I know already, that food prices are rising.

Not a word by way of suggesting a remedy. In fact, it even goes out of its way to welcome the increasing cost of living!

Let's Have Action

This inept and irritating body should be dissolved with all speed.

What is wanted in its place is a Consumers' Council with powers to demand information as to costs, work out profits and deal with proved profiteers as they deserve.

Whittling Wages

Yes, food prices are going up.

But don't believe everything you hear and read about wages going up on a widespread scale by way of compensation.

Thousands of machine calico printers, elastic web operatives, skip and basket makers and (in some areas) miners are actually among the victims of drives to reduce wages.

Blackcoat Blues

Then think of the millions of blackcoat workers who know what their wages will be next year, the year after that and in five years' time—if they are lucky enough to hold their jobs.

Higher prices won't mean more wages for them.

And think, too, of the old-age pensioners.

What's in a Name!

More than 10 per cent. of those old people have had to augment their pensions with poor relief.

In Scotland, 40,241 of them are on relief.

Rising prices mean that they are herded on in tragic droves into the place they still call "workhouse"—although the Government blesses it with a pleasanter name.

Our Silent Premier

There was a move towards debating these things in the House.

The Prime Minister "could hold out no hope of special facilities for debate."

He was given grim facts about the plight of these old people. "The Prime Minister did not give any further reply."

He Wanted to Live

One man who wants to go on living is Fisherman George Stephen, of Cairnbulg, Aberdeenshire.

Eleven weeks' fishing brought him only £3 19s. 6d.—7s. 3d. a week. So, believing what the old Book says about the earth and the fulness thereof, he ventured inside the three-mile limit, where the fish were.

He was fined £10. If it had been ten thousand it wouldn't have stunned him more.

Stealing—or Starving

Then there is William Findlay, Scotsman with a philosophy, who stole pies at Durham. "I'm not going to starve," he said.

Leaving prison, he stole pies again. So they jailed him again. Now he has just begun six months for stealing two tea-cakes. A thief, it's true—but who pays dearer for his food than William Findlay?

Holiday Jobs

And talk of food reminds us that the Mayor of Bangor wants summer vacation jobs for students of the University College of North Wales.

The majority are said to be the sons of working men.

If they spend half an hour with their own consciences and their own dads before accepting a job—well, they won't do any great wrong.

Darts Delirium

Back to comedy again. . . .

We hear all the anti-gambling cranks want the question of darts raised in the House, think the present dart craze a mere excuse for gambling in pints.

Which is funny enough without any comment from us.

Now You Know

Nor do we intend to embellish this choice piece of advice which the Home Office's Air Raid Precautions lecturers are offering up and down the country:

"If an incendiary bomb drops through your roof you should immediately douse it with 30 to 40 lb. of sand."

In Blunderland

Just one joke of a grimmer sort:

While trainee in a Government camp young Thomas Prendergast, of Birmingham, had to be operated on. The doctor ordered him rest.

As interpreted by Officialdom that meant (1) that he couldn't draw money for his meals because he wasn't training, and (2) that he couldn't have camp meals because he was off the strength!

Home, Sweet Home

Wisdom at last from the Minister of Health.

In drawing up their housing plans he wants local authorities to remember the old people to whom three rooms up and two down represent Buckingham Palace. He will circularise them to this effect.

Which is what we have been telling him—and the local authorities—for years.

Three Up, Two Down

So now what about the big families that might just as well join the Old-Woman-Who-Lives-in-a-Shoe as rent one of the council houses of these people with a three-up-and-two-down complex?

HIGH-LIGHTS THIS WEEK

Outcasts of Terror, by A. G. G. - p. 9
Big-Wigs in the Box - - - p. 10
The Mushroom Ramp - - - p. 15
Blackmail!—Short Story - - p. 19
How is the Empire? - - - p. 20
Ex-Convict "Doctor" - - - p. 30

Write to "John Bull" about it!

Our Legal Big-Wigs in the Box

'JOHN BULL' has told you the secrets of our great judges. Now read the secrets of those famous barristers who, although they make headlines, are figures of mystery symbolised by a wig and gown. Be introduced to them as men

by Stanley Bishop

IN the dock stands a man on trial for his life.

Below him a figure in wig and gown is addressing the jury. The defence is making the last dramatic speech in a case that has been in the headlines for a week.

Now the man in wig and gown—a famous K.C.—is calm, tapping his notes reflectively with his pince-nez. Now his words are emotional, pleading, now cold and biting in their criticism of the prosecution's case.

The man in the dock is forgotten by the people who have crowded the court to hear his fate decided.

He seems a puppet, while the man in wig and gown is a spell-binder, dazzling them with his brilliance, playing on their emotions as a skilled musician handles his instrument.

Late that day the trial ends in acquittal, and the name of that famous K.C. is on everyone's lips.

Yet it is just a *name*. The real man beneath the wig and gown remains a mystery.

I want to try to bring to life for you the great personalities of the English Bar, the men who fight our battles in the courts of justice.

At present the courts are passing through a depression. King's Bench and Chancery Divisions are running light on the list.

£25,000 a year

Except in divorce, there is less business coming before judges than for many years.

Consequently, the Bar is suffering a certain financial stringency, particularly among the pressing throng of junior counsel.

Outstanding leaders are still drawing big fees, but even with them times are not what they were.

Sir Wilfred Greene, now Master of the Rolls, was reputed to have made no less than £45,000 a year on the Chancery side. He gave that up for an official salary of £6,000. Sir Wilfred was, and is, a supreme lawyer.

General opinion puts Sir William Jowitt as the King's Counsel with the best practice, and an annual income exceeding £25,000. He possesses all the assets to success.

In any court Sir William Jowitt dominates with his handsome face, his tall, finely proportioned figure, and wonderful voice.

The voice of Sir William is a charm to juries.

When Sir William Jowitt is listening to another's speech or examination, he persistently "doodles," using the back of a brief. He traces elaborate diagrams or prints names in shaded Roman letters.

Cross-examining, he has a trick of tipping his wig from the back so that it slides down to his eyes. He cannot keep his hands still, and is always playing with his wig—a form of "doodling" on the feet.

During his term as Labour Government Attorney-General, Sir William Jowitt appeared for the Crown in the trial at Lewes Assizes of Frederick Fox for the murder of his mother.

His first and only murder case, and Lady Jowitt, sitting near the judge, listened throughout to her husband. She was thrilled with the tense drama.

All the limelight of the trial was on Sir William Jowitt until the end. Then he retired, leaving his friend the late Sir Henry Curtis Bennett to make the final speech for the Crown.

Actions such as that emphasise the professional generosity of Sir William Jowitt.

In private life he is the perfect host and companion. He delights in quiet, reposeful things—the walled garden of an old country house, and fishing in a mountain stream.

Taking counsel in order of reported income, the next is Sir Patrick Hastings, another former Labour Attorney-General. He is said to make more than £20,000 in all classes of cases. Any action with Sir Patrick as leader becomes showy, and worth reporting. His appearance lifts it from the rut of legal dullness.

Sir Patrick Hastings can never be dull, or ordinary. He is hard, terribly hard in cross-examination. The witness attempting to dissemble is turned inside out in a couple of shakes.

Cross-examination by Sir Patrick Hastings is rather a machine-gun process. He fires questions at speed; allowing the hostile witness not a moment for thought. And as the cross-examination nears a climax, Sir Patrick Hastings sidles across the court, getting nearer and nearer to the racked witness.

He stabs at the witness with a large, stub-pointed pencil, using it as a baton of emphasis, alternating this habit with spectacle play. The number of tortoise-shell spectacles "Pat" Hastings breaks between his twiddling fingers in the course of a term must be alarming.

Yet even Sir Patrick Hastings sometimes meets the super-witness, who cannot be shaken. Remember he confessed to finding a match in Mrs. Frances Lowick, the young woman recently successful in an action for alleged malicious prosecution at the Manchester Assizes.

K.C. conjurer

Incidentally, Sir Patrick Hastings received for the defence in that case a "special" of one hundred guineas in addition to the fee and daily refresher marked on his brief.

Every leader taken away from his own circuit must receive that "special." It is a rule to curb the importation of fashionable "silks."

Off duty, Sir Patrick Hastings writes stage plays, and persistently attends theatrical first-nights. Also he goes in for parlour *conjuring*. He is a first-class amateur conjurer, and can mystify adults as well as children.

Three counsel sharing a considerable amount of work between them are Sir Stafford Cripps, Sir Walter Monckton, and Mr. Roland Oliver. They are, it is estimated, in the £15,000 income grade.

Curious how Sir Stafford Cripps on the political platform differs from Sir Stafford Cripps before a judge. Platform Sir Stafford is fiery with pugnacity, vituperative and emotional. Court Sir Stafford is entirely conservative and observant of the rules. He is an authority on ecclesiastical law. He is not the hail-fellow-well-met type, but his colleagues of the Bar respect his professional ability.

Sir Walter Monckton, Attorney-General to the Duchy of Lancaster, adviser to the Duke of Windsor, is on a flowing tide. Solicitors compete to get him for their clients. He is right in the fashion and deserves to be. Men who see him always want to know what tailor makes his clothes.

As for Mr. Roland Oliver, he is clever in any case from murder to the moral delinquencies of a parson before a consistory court. Plays with the ribbons of his gown when speaking; holds his head bent back and is prone to affect a monocle.

The drawling, ultra-Oxford accent of Mr. Oliver might annoy people. They would imagine that he is supercilious and too refined for words. But that is a wrong interpretation. Mr. Oliver is very human. I know from a certain experience I could tell. He had a fine record as a soldier during the war and gained the Military Cross.

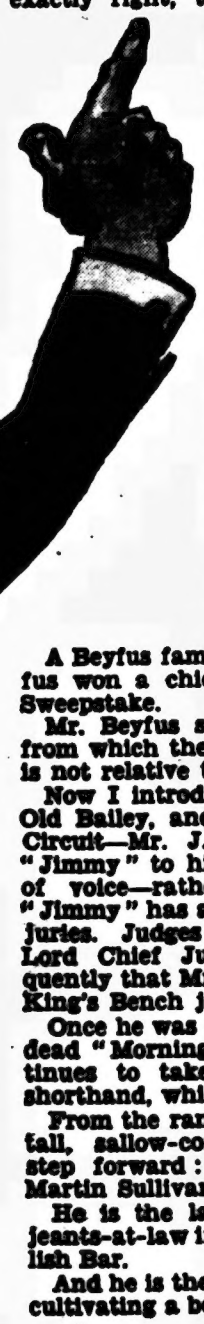
After which we reach Mr. Norman Birkett, the great defence counsel and fighter of last hopes, which in his large, flexible hands frequently become successes.

I recall an assize city in the West of England when women rushed to kiss Mr. Birkett in the street. A murder trial had ended with the acquittal of his client, and the public enthusiasm for shy Mr. Birkett was hectic and embarrassing. Police were needed to guard him from admirers. From court-house to hotel he marched through a crowd of cheering people.

Because Mr. Birkett is petitioned to take so much criminal work—and is too generous to refuse—his income suffers. Normally there are no big fees in the criminal courts, but the publicity helps in other directions. Mr. Birkett earns round about £12,000 a year.

Clerk as critic

An interesting sidelight on this K.C. Just before a trial is ending, and the final speech from him is due, he recites that speech to his clerk. He tries it "on the dog," as it were. If points do not seem to ring exactly right, then the clerk—Mr. Archibald Bowker—makes his comments, and Mr. Birkett considers them.



Expert in libel law and betting cases is Mr. Hugh Beyfus, K.C. This kindly, courteous counsel looks like a country squire, and would settle down as such but for the tie of the courts.

Happiest when on the back of a horse, Mr. Beyfus always used to ride in the Bar Point-to-Point meetings. Some time ago he suffered a bad accident in the field. He rides now in a modified "hell-for-leather" fashion.

A Beyfus family secret—Mrs. Beyfus won a chief prize in an Irish Sweepstake.

Mr. Beyfus says that the source from which the ticket was obtained is not relative to the issue.

Now I introduce a "star" of the Old Bailey, and the South Eastern Circuit—Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C.—"Jimmy" to his intimates. Mellow of voice—rather like an actor—"Jimmy" has a persuasive way with juries. Judges like him. Indeed the Lord Chief Justice has said frequently that Mr. Cassels should be a King's Bench judge.

Once he was a reporter on the old, dead "Morning Post," and he continues to take his court notes in shorthand, which he *can read*.

From the ranks in waiting I ask a tall, sallow-complexioned man to step forward: Serjeant Alexander Martin Sullivan, K.C.

He is the last of the Irish serjeants-at-law in practice at the English Bar.

And he is the only man at the Bar cultivating a beard. That is not the

In the witness box—Mr. Norman Birkett ready for cross-examination. Waiting their turns are Sir Patrick Hastings, Sir William Jowitt, Mr. Laurence Vine and Mr. J. D. Cassels

feature which singles him out from the rest. He possesses a memory which is now a Law Court tradition.

Scarcely ever does Serjeant Sullivan refer to his brief in court. He reads the long, typed pages once, and memorises them; names, dates, figures, incidents. Other counsel try to catch him sometimes and invariably fail. His memory is uncanny.

A different type of Irishman is short, round, rather bouncing Hector Hughes of the tiny, jerky steps. He is a "double K.C."—here and in Ireland—and specialises in trade union law.

In addition, he swims the best part of a mile every morning, winter and summer, in the Highgate bathing pond. Told me once that he had ambitions about the Channel—but that was after dinner. Certainly he is in the international class as a swimmer.

While talking of athletic achievements, there is Mr. G. D. Roberts, K.C., Rugby football International. He towers above everybody in court; looks tremendously fierce, often lifts his wig to display a bristly, untidy crop of hair. Yet he is so gentle in method that unsuspecting witnesses "eat out of his hand" (oversize)—to his advantage. He is addicted to an old and ancient briar and extra strong tobacco.

Nearly as big-framed is Mr. Russell Vick, K.C., Recorder of Halifax, weighs fifteen stone, and was recently injured by a kicking horse. This counsel is the "running down" specialist in motor cases.

Opponent counsel challenged Mr. Vick with cross-examining one of his own witnesses. Retort by Mr. Vick: "I was *not* cross-examining my own witness. I was *examining her crossly*."

Cartoons judges

Leaving the "K.C.s" and passing to the juniors, among whom there are some of the most picturesque characters of the Bar. Mr. Theobald Mathew, for example.

Juniors do not always want to become "silks." It would not pay them to do so. They have highly lucrative junior practices which they would have to drop if raised to the superior rank. A good junior does not always make a good leader. Many have mourned taking the step. It means beginning all over again.

Elderly Theo. Mathew is an artist as well as a barrister. He is always drawing caricatures and sketches of judges, counsel and people around him in court. Fortunate that the judges do not see the Mathew pictures of themselves. "Theo." himself would be a desirable cartoon figure—glasses perched on the tip of nose.

Another "character"—Mr. Robert Fortune. He gives the appearance of being the most harried of barristers, always on the move, trotting from court to court, and then away to the room called the "Bear Garden," where the preliminaries of legal proceedings are considered.

Once Mr. Fortune, tall hat to the back of head, was seen—on reliable evidence — speeding through the Central Hall of the Courts, chased frantically by a clerk, who carried a cup of tea outstretched. Mr. Fortune apparently drinks tea in running spurts. Nickname for Mr. Fortune: "The Galloping Major."

Sons of two famous judges who are fast making a reputation are Mr. Anthony Hawke, Junior Counsel to the Treasury, a likeable, amusing companion, and first class in his work; and Mr. Christmas Humphreys, able, but aloof, in the latter quality like father, Mr. Justice Humphreys.

Motorists' friend

Then I must not miss the "friend of the motorist"—Mr. Laurence Vine. Should any motorist be prosecuted for any offence which he thinks he has not committed, Mr. Vine is the obvious choice for the defence.

He has one of the largest junior practices in this type of work, because he secures results. Mr. Vine himself is the most careful driver of a motor-car you ever met, although he drives fast. *He knows.*

Unfair to mention the name of the junior about whom this story is recounted. Junior, with his first brief, was arguing at prodigious length the cause of his client before an Assize judge.

It was the last case in the list, and everybody wanted to catch a convenient train to the next circuit town. Note passed to the junior from a senior barrister, who was fretting:

"If you talk much longer the Old Man (but another description than "old man" was written) will give your client an extra six months."

The judge saw the junior take the note and throw it down petulantly. Said the judge: "As there is a document being handed around my court, I should like to see it."

Note retrieved, handed up to the Bench; consternation in court!

"Very interesting," said the judge, and then he looked full-eyed at the embarrassed junior counsel. "Have you," continued his lordship, "read this document, Mr. ——?"

"My lord, I have, but——" replied the very young barrister.

"Well, read it again," said the judge.

And there are many more good stories like that about judges and barristers.

SINNERS IN SURREY

BY A VERY SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR

SOMEHOW the village of Cobham, in Surrey, wasn't at all what I had expected.

Compared with Cobham (I had been given to understand) Rio has all the virtues of a garden suburb populated by Seventh Day Adventists.

Tough Bowery guys (I had been informed) would blush like schoolgirls if they saw the doings at Cobham during and after a cottars' Saturday night dance.

According to Mr. T. R. Dally, septuagenarian member of the Esher Council, the "orgies" which take place after these hectic hops "rival those of Sodom and Gomorrah," the "disgusting scenes" presented including such first-aids to nausea as "girls and boys cuddling and kissing in dark corners."

* * *

This plainly called for enquiry, but Cobham, as I say, was not what I had expected. Unlike its Continental and Oriental rivals in iniquity, such as Marseilles and Port Said, it goes to pains to camouflage its true character.

Outwardly it looks deceptively like a hundred other South of England villages.

Nobody sidled up and sought to sell me "curious" postcards.

No sinister figure offered himself as a guide for the night anxious to show me the native quarter.

* * *

True, there was a pub that openly boasted its willingness to supply fermented and spirituous liquors; but nobody viewing the village hall would have suspected it of being the venue of those orgies which have brought Cobham into the news.

This air of innocence was, indeed, the most sinister feature of the place.

If Cobham can look so much like a peaceful English village and yet be what (on the authority of Councillor Dally) we know it to be, what are we to think of a number of other villages wearing much the same outwardly placid aspect?

Here, surely, is a disturbing thought. Here, too, perhaps, is an explanation of the notorious drift of population away from the towns.

For who among the young, avid of pleasure, would be content with the

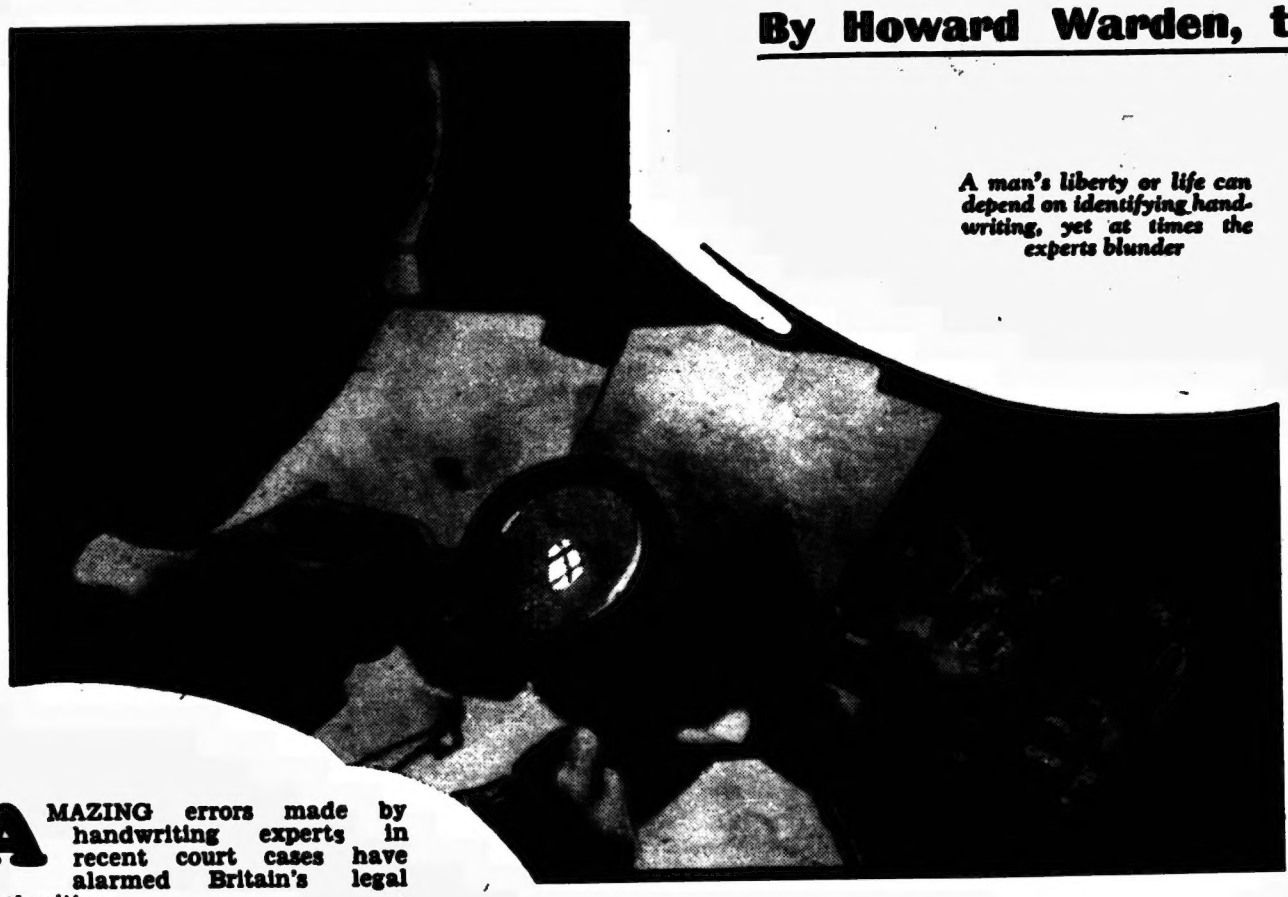
cinema, the waxworks, the road drill and similar amusements, such as cities like London and Manchester have to offer, when country villages abound in all the more doubtful of Continental pleasures?

On Saturday night in Cobham,
In Cobham, in Cobham,
Inside the village hall you will
Hear music wild and laughter shrill
Till ten o'clock—and later still!
In Cobham!

And then, when flushed with claret cup,
In Cobham, in Cobham,
Into the night the dancers surge,
"Here, gi'e a kiss!" mad youth will urge!
Oh, who will institute a purge
In Cobham?

Y. Z.

By Howard Warden, the Criminologist



A man's liberty or life can depend on identifying handwriting, yet at times the experts blunder

How writing experts fail

AMAZING errors made by handwriting experts in recent court cases have alarmed Britain's legal authorities.

JOHN BULL understands that an enquiry will soon be made and a scheme put forward for training experts under State auspices.

In case after case the verdict hinges upon the authenticity of a signature or document and the identification of the writer.

A man's or woman's life or liberty may depend on what is said in the witness-box by an expert on handwriting.

Yet the extraordinary fact is that, in Britain, the only people who can be called to give evidence of this kind are private individuals.

Beyond doubt they do their best. But none of them has the authority or standing of men like Sir Bernard Spilsbury or Dr. Roche Lynch, who are recognised by the Crown as supreme authorities on pathology and analysis.

MOST judges realise the fallibility of the evidence of handwriting experts, and invariably emphasise in their summing-up that it must be regarded with extreme caution.

But often that testimony is so plausible and definite that a jury cannot fail to convict.

And, with appalling frequency, later events prove the handwriting experts to have been completely wrong.

Then, of course, any injustice which may have been caused is immediately righted.

But one question cannot be escaped.

How many people are wrongfully condemned who have not the luck afterwards to obtain accidental proof of their innocence?

This kind of thing seldom happens in any other country. It occurs in Britain because this country has not taken steps, like other nations, to put the science of identifying handwriting on a proper footing.

And until that is done these blunders will continue to be made.

There was a remarkable example of this at a Northern assize court only a few days ago.

A number of banknotes were produced in evidence. A name was written on the back of each of them.

It was declared by an expert that the writing was that of one of the parties in the case.

Much depended on his evidence.

At a later stage of the trial a bank teller went into the witness-box.

The name on the banknotes had been written by him!

He had jotted it down when they were paid in.

Parnell, Beck, Edalji and Archer-Shee are historic instances of mistakes by handwriting experts which have hindered justice.

Worst of all recent cases concerned a Sheffield man who was wrongfully convicted and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for uttering letters demanding money by menaces.

When arrested, a specimen of his writing was taken.

Experts compared it with letters which had been received by a woman whose life was threatened.

Without hesitation, they pronounced that one man had written these letters—the prisoner.

There was no other material evidence, and the jury recorded a verdict of Guilty.

The man appealed, but, as the Appeal Court had only the evidence given at the trial, the conviction and sentence could not be altered.

Then startling events began to happen.

While the man was serving his sentence in Dartmoor, more menacing letters were received by the woman from whom money had been demanded.

All of them were in the handwriting declared to be that of the man who was now a convict!

First it was thought that he had written the letters before his conviction and had kept them to be sent by friends while he was in prison—so establishing a post-conviction alibi.

THAT theory could not withstand a moment's examination.

Each of the later letters contained references to happenings since the man had entered Dartmoor. They could not have been written in advance.

There remained the possibility that they had been actually written in prison and smuggled out by someone visiting the prisoner.

That supposition, too, was quickly disposed of, for at no time since his imprisonment had the man received a visit from anyone.

At the request of the Home Office, the Court of Criminal Appeal reviewed the case a second time.

Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, and his fellow-judges unhesitatingly ordered the conviction to be quashed and the man to be released.

By that time he had served ten months as a result of the original mistake by handwriting experts.

Great progress has been made in Britain in the detection, with scientific aids, of forgery and the distortion of documents.

IN the use of photo-micrography and chemicals this country is ahead of the world.

A London doctor, who to-day has a flourishing practice, owes escape from ruin to discoveries made by photo-micrography.

He was convicted of a serious offence, and the trial had pivoted on evidence that an entry in his professional case book had been inserted between two others at a later date, when suspicion had fallen on him.

Handwriting experts swore that the case book had been falsified.

The doctor had his name cleared and his freedom restored when, after the trial, scientists examined the book.

Photo-micrography revealed that the entry was a normal one, made in proper sequence with the others on the page.

The micro-camera showed boldly and vividly that the strokes of the lower entries overlapped and stood out above those of the disputed one.

No forger in this country now dare submit a false will or other faked document which has been fabricated at a date later than it is supposed to have been composed and signed.

MICRO-CHEMICAL tests have put the forger completely out of this kind of business.

So far has this branch of science been carried that the chemical changes which ink undergoes with time can now be detected, and the date of a piece of writing fixed with absolute accuracy.

Far advanced also in Britain is a department of handwriting study by which suspected criminals can be identified and classified by the evidence their handwriting contains of their diseases.

Medical research has been so successful in this connection that already specialists are convinced they can recognise a patient's ailments, particularly those of the nervous system, from a specimen of his or her handwriting.

Surely it is lamentable that, while such wonderful progress should have been made in these directions, the art of identifying the authorship of handwriting has stood still.

The significance of the science of handwriting became vividly apparent to criminologists after the Dreyfus affair.

Edmond Pellet, the jurist, was so shocked by the absurdities in the evidence given about handwriting in that scandal that he founded the French Technical Society, which has its headquarters in the University of Paris.

This body demands such a high degree of competence by arduous examination that its members are regarded as impeccable.

The standard set in France has been copied throughout the world—except in Britain.

The cost of training a small number of experts to serve the British courts would be infinitesimal.

It would, anyhow, be a cheap premium for the assurance that innocent people could no longer be condemned and wrongly imprisoned.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

POWER ON TAP

IN America, at the Mount Wilson Observatory, a telescope is nearing completion which will enable astronomers to say once and for all whether the markings on Mars are canals or not.

It will also enable them to see thousands of stars that no one has ever seen before. It will bring a new universe within the vision and the knowledge of mankind.

Man's mastery over Nature grows and grows. He has conquered land and sea and air. By wireless and television he is conquering the ether.

Day by day our scientists and our explorers and our thinkers are proving that we are indeed monarchs of all we survey.

Yet wonderful as all this is, there is something more wonderful still—a man's mastery of himself once he will take the trouble to be master.

For we are more nearly masters of our minds and our characters than of anything else in the world.

We all have a power over our own minds and over our own nervous systems that we have over nothing else.

Why we don't use that power is a mystery. In a sort of desultory, off-hand way, of course, we do.

We use it every time we keep our tempers in check. We use it every time we force ourselves to perform duties we would just as soon forget.

But we only use this power spasmodically. We don't use it scientifically and systematically.

That is a pity. For self-control, based on honest self-knowledge, is the key to any door you may want to open. Try it and see.

Without Fear or Favour

Slaves of Industry

NEARLY two million people are earning more now than a year ago. Wages increases during 1938, so far, amount to £191,000 a week.

Soon the extra few shillings guaranteed to lorrymen will swell the ranks of the lucky ones to well over the two million mark.

We are not going to belittle those cheery figures by mentioning the cost of living. But we must emphasise that there are far too many workers who deserve substantial increases which they have no prospect of obtaining.

This is proved beyond question by the great number of letters we receive from underpaid people. One tells of conditions in a firm which made large profits last year.

It reports that girls of sixteen employed by this firm are paid 16s. a week, less 10s. for food. Girls of twenty and over receive 22s., less the same deduction for meals. Married men get from 37s. 6d. upwards.

The need for these exploited slaves of industry to combine in trade union organisation is plain enough. There should also be State action.

Some years ago a Liberal M.P. introduced a Bill to compel every employment exchange to display a list of local employers who paid wages below the poverty line. It was described as "a bad joke" and contemptuously thrown out. A similar Bill sponsored by Lord Stanley of Alderney met with no better luck.

Will none of our legislators raise the matter again, if only to reveal the suffering still endured by armies of workers?

Dignity and Impudence

We pity people who live in council houses. Many of them find that their soul is the only thing they are allowed to call their own.

Typical of the pompous attitude adopted by more than a few municipal mandarins is that arousing criticism in Renfrew.

The town council there, incensed because a tenant has installed a washing machine in his home, intends to turn him out on May 28 unless he removes the offending appliance during the next ten days!

We do not know why it is wrong for a poor man to ease his wife's toil by buying her a labour-saving appliance. Nor can we agree with the ban placed by many councils on the keeping of dogs, pigeons and poultry, unless it can be proved that these pets are damaging property or causing annoyance to neighbours.

Our previous protests, we are glad to know, have encouraged council tenants to form defence leagues, which have resulted in such restrictions being lifted on many estates. Evidently, more of these leagues are needed to curb those councils which, in trying to assert their dignity, merely appear impudent.

Even a council house should be the tenant's castle.

Waste on the Roads

Every day, between the hours of nine a.m. and five p.m., level-crossings interrupt road transport more than ninety-one thousand times. This means a loss in time of 4,560 hours; in money, an incalculable but enormous sum. And the loss of scores of lives each year!

This is merely one illustration of the costly folly of allowing nineteenth-century conditions to frustrate modern requirements. There are others, of course: narrow, winding, ill-lit, badly-surfaced roads, toll gates, dangerous bridges, a host more.

But the Minister of Transport should pay particular attention to these 4,560 level-crossings. For he will not succeed in providing Britain with a decent highway system if he allows fine new roads to be blocked by railway crossings through which cars can crash on foggy nights and be obstructed on the brightest of days.

It is not merely a matter of the motorist's convenience. It is the urgent duty to relieve road transport of a preposterous waste of time and money, the necessity to save hundreds of people from being needlessly slaughtered, that must be emphasised.

Time and again we have been promised that railway lines shall no longer be allowed to cross our roads. Now we are right to demand that words shall lead to action.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord DAWSON OF PENN,
Physician to the King

DEAR LORD DAWSON,—It is an infamous slur on the national conscience that insane mothers should be condemned to death. It is manifestly absurd that they should be regarded as guilty as robbers who bludgeon their victims in cold blood, or murder the policemen who attempt to arrest them.

Yet, time after time, a judge has to assume the black cap and deliberately mumble the dreaded death sentence, knowing that the Home Secretary will never allow that sentence to be carried out.

You are right in asserting that often the authorities try to find some loophole in the law which will save a wretched mother from being put on trial for the capital offence. Unfortunately, there is sometimes no alternative for them to seize, and then the inhuman formality has to be observed in full.

I am thankful, therefore, that you have introduced a Bill to remedy this glaring cruelty. It provides that a mother who kills her child, when she has not fully recovered from the effects of childbirth, may be charged, not with murder, but with infanticide.

Such a woman deserves sympathy rather than punishment. Nor is it humane, as you observe, to label her as "Guilty, but insane."

I remember that you have given evidence in such cases of puerperal insanity; you must be well aware of the horrible sufferings endured by these pitiable mothers—many of whom are little more than girls.

Everyone knows your great reputation as a physician, and all enlightened people will applaud you for fighting so vigorously for reform.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Dawson of Penn fights an inhumane law

Dr. HENRY A. WILSON,
Bishop of Chelmsford

DEAR BISHOP,—Why give way to pessimism? I refuse to believe "all the chivalry, decency and humanity in human nature" is being crushed out by the panic sweeping across the world.

You say Western civilisation is dying, and Europe is more savage than for a thousand years; yet it has always triumphed over menaces in the past.

I should be the last to minimise the dreadful events in Spain, Austria and elsewhere, but I know it simply isn't true that the dictators have made brutes of us all.

The burning alive of tens of thousands of men and women in the name of religion was surely as cruel a business as the modern air-raid, but it was eventually outlawed.

One day we shall succeed in enforcing international law. Let us get on with the job, instead of wailing that all is lost!—JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE,
London County Council

GENTLEMEN,—By granting permission to women inmates in your institutions to smoke, you have hammered, I hope, the last nail into Mr. Bumble's coffin. Good riddance to him!

Unfortunately, he seems to have many relatives in provincial towns who bear a striking likeness to him.

They still maintain that wretched people whose only crimes are poverty and ill-luck should be treated with meanness, harshness and indignity.

They argue that to regard homeless folk as human, to allow them to smoke and enjoy a few hours' comfort, is to encourage pauperism. They will not even show kindness to the aged—perhaps in the hope that this will persuade them to die quickly.

Well, London is setting a good example. May it induce our rulers elsewhere to boot out the little Bumbles!—JOHN BULL.

Captain SCOTT,
Governor, Maidstone Prison

DEAR SIR,—Your scheme to provide a training-school for warders is an excellent move.

Recent complaints by prisoners of ill-treatment have not all been unfounded. That such incidents should occur is proof that education in the handling of prisoners is badly needed.

What possible hopes of reforming convicts have warders who have never been told their fundamental duties in dealing with prisoners?

You hope to train the officers at Maidstone to treat their job as a humane and psychological one. Good. But it is not enough for the Home Office to approve the scheme.

There should be a national training school from which officers could be sent to every prison. Moreover, the real grievances of these men in regard to pay and conditions have long called for sympathetic consideration by the authorities.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. DUFF COOPER,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—When you have recovered from your attack of influenza there is a matter which must have your earnest attention.

Do you realise that vital technical secrets of naval armament and equipment are daily being handled by men who are only temporary employees?

I refer to the Admiralty photo-printers who are responsible for reproducing plans of details concerning the latest ships, submarines, guns, torpedoes and so on. Think how these copies would make the eyes of foreign spies glisten with envy!

Fortunately for Britain, the workers are ex-Servicemen who are probably proud to be entrusted with such dangerous secrets. But is it fair to them to keep them on a temporary basis instead of making them permanent Civil Servants?

And is it wise to have such work done by men who may be turned off at a week's notice—perhaps with a grievance?

The answers are as obvious as the action you should take.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Justice SCOTT,
Court of Appeal

MY LORD,—"It is of real importance," you declare, "that no genuine public footpath should be lost without statutory action to close it."

Everywhere paths are being shut. How often do we hear of barbed wire barricades erected and ditches dug to prevent the use of a path which the villagers claim to be public property!

In many other districts, local councils are apathetic. For this reason, speculative builders have been able to filch very many paths which should have been reserved for the public's convenience.

Yet the rambler, as you point out, needs the footpath more than ever. Because of the tremendous growth of towns, because of our new realisation of how health can be improved by country jaunts, footpaths are essential to our well-being.

Thank you for voicing so authoritative a warning to those who seek to despoil us.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. A. SPURGEON,
National United Temperance Council

DEAR SIR,—You make me feel that I need a drink. And I hope the Prime Minister will have one after receiving the protest which temperance societies plan to send him.

It seems a pity to make such a fuss because Mr. Ramsbotham, the Minister of Pensions, described beer as "a peaceful drink" at a brewers' dinner.

Most people will agree with him that if the man in the street could get together with his fellows in other countries over a pint of beer we should hear less of the dictators.

But you think it "unseemly" for a man in Mr. Ramsbotham's position to make an apology for beer-drinking.

It would have been if he had intended his words as an apology. When will you realise that neither a Cabinet Minister nor anyone else need be ashamed of having an occasional glass of beer?

Don't damn a good thing merely because a few take too much of it!—JOHN BULL.

Old Murphys never die...

IF I had a little more courage, I would use "Old Murphys never die" as a slogan for our advertising. It is not the obvious rude retorts about "fading" that stop me. It is the fact that some people might take me too seriously. Of course, Murphy sets "die" the same as any other instruments made by human beings. But it is a fact that Murphys last longer than most *and* give very little trouble, *and* maintain good value for years after they are sold. You can test things like reproduction and ease of tuning in a shop, but you cannot tell in advance how well a set is going to work after you have bought it. You can only try to judge that from its "pedigree." Now try to find a dead Murphy!

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director.

46

B.45 BATTERY TABLE MODEL
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Supersonic Heterodyne Receiver with excellent quality of reproduction. Over 50 principal short, medium and long wave station names are shown on the 3-colour scale. "Two-speed" drive on the tuning control gives normal and slow-motion tuning. The cabinet is in contrasting French Walnut and Black Walnut with a narrow white surround to the loud-speaker opening.
A.C. MODEL **£9.10**
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Questions & Answers

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A. Of course.

Q. *So there is no sort of standard style?*

A. No. Every suit is individually cut and made according to the customer's wishes. Men who will not take the trouble to find out, continue to believe that they can't have their suits made just as they want them. If they would only order one suit, they'd find out that they are mistaken.

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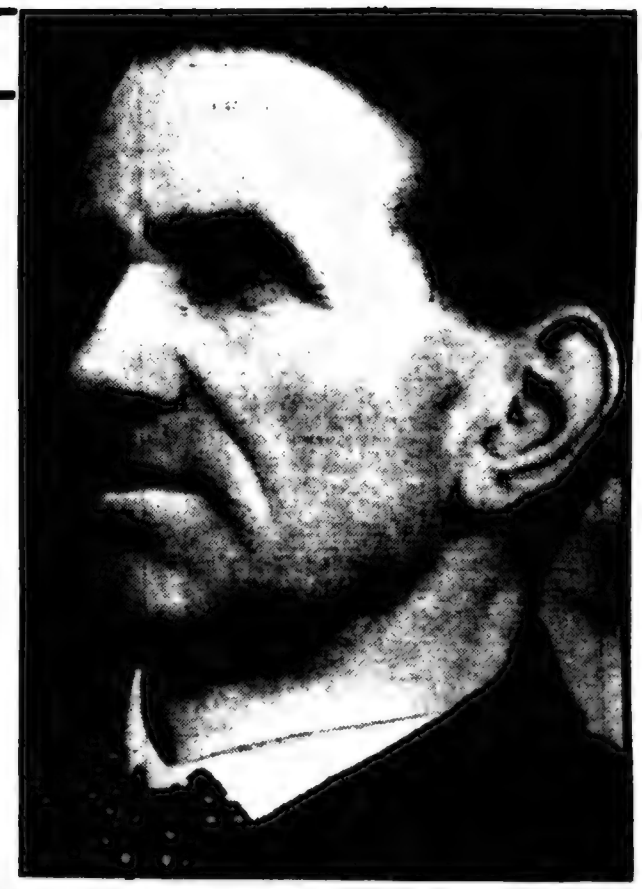

Mr. Tom Johnston, M.P., who in the House of Commons has more than once demanded an enquiry into the "unit" mushroom scandal

I HAVE been closely studying for some time a new form of share-pushing which is now being practised in this country—the sale of what are called "units" to the investing public.

The "unit" system consists of offering an interest, other than shares, in an enterprise.

Unfortunately, no official registration of unit holders has to be made at Somerset House, and, by this means, a small limited company can raise large sums of money without having to record it—or part of it—publicly.

In other words, a unit holder may be given, in return for his money, say, "royalties" in oilfields or so much space in a mushroom bed.

Then, as and when the company chooses, profits from such "holdings" are calculated and remitted to him.

In law, he has no title to anything, and must rely on the good faith of those with whom he placed his "unit" money.

To show how unwise it is to speculate in this "unit" form of investment, I propose to bring to light some illuminating facts about a concern called Cucklington Mushrooms, Ltd., which was formed in August, 1935, and took over a farm at Wincanton, Somerset, for the cultivation and marketing of mushrooms.

This company issued a well-printed brochure, on the second page of which read:

"How to obtain a share in a *RAPIDLY GROWING BRITISH INDUSTRY* (protected by tariffs)."

MUCH was made of the fact—an important one—that investors could obtain their capital back at six months' call, plus interest.

According to the literature, there was nothing speculative about it—the directors were not, they said, offering nebulous gold-mines in inaccessible countries—but just the right to share in an established and thriving British industry.

But—were they?

"Just compare the investment of £100 in Savings Bank at 2½ per cent.—£2 10s. a year," the booklet stated. "£100 in Cucklington Mushrooms yields £12 12s., plus 10 per cent. *GUARANTEED INTEREST*—equal to £25 per annum."

It all looked very grand. Many were carried away by the inviting prospect of getting rich quickly.

When readers asked my advice I told them the venture was too speculative. Better a safe return of 50s. from the Savings Bank than a problematical £12 12s. from the fragile mushroom.

At a meeting which recently took place at Southern House, Cannon Street, in the City of London, a chartered accountant unfolded a startling story about Cucklington Mushrooms.

Nearly a quarter of a million pounds of public money had been swallowed up in this scheme which was originally proclaimed so successful and sound.

Liabilities are to-day estimated at £200,914. Assets are estimated to be worth about £8,000.

Investors stand to lose every penny of their money.

I can now disclose the inner history of this company.

Because it was a private limited liability company with shares unquoted, the Somerset venture could not publicly sell shares. It therefore adopted this "unit" racket—an objectionable and ill-fated form of investment which, by the way, is notorious in the United States.

BUT for the sale of "units," Cucklington Mushrooms, Ltd., may conceivably have been a good thing. But, unhappily, without the assistance of "high-pressure" salesmen, who in personal interviews manage to wring money from reluctant investors by their trained plausibility, money could not be raised in large enough quantities by more orthodox methods.

Two highly skilled salesmen, H. C. Mendoza and S. A. Naar, came into the business.

Mendoza had already been concerned with the sale of shares in other speculative companies. Before he took up the Cucklington venture he had been working under a superior named James Petter.

He obtained much experience in share-pushing while with Petter, and he now came to offer it to the Cucklington mushroom concern.

Messrs. Mendoza and Naar, equipped with their elaborate and high-sounding literature, sold units to people in all parts of the country. They thrilled people with their tales of fabulous profits to come.

Mendoza was so successful that he was placed in charge of the "Sales Organisation" of the Cucklington venture, and was paid, *out of capital subscribed forsooth*, 50 per cent. of what money came in.

That surely is scandalous enough. Half the money subscribed going into the pockets of the salesmen!

What chance had the company got from the beginning?

How, indeed, could it succeed when out of the money raised by Mendoza and his henchmen, £88,600 went into their own pockets?

Cucklington Mushrooms, Ltd., will shortly die. The only people who can smile about it are Messrs. Mendoza and company.

They spoke the truth when they said there were fabulous profits to be made out of mushrooms. But they did not say to their poor victims who was going to get them.

I am told the Board of Trade is likely to make an enquiry into the affairs of Cucklington Mushrooms, Ltd.

SUCH an enquiry cannot be made too quickly.

When it begins, I hope the fullest attention will be paid to the operations of those of the Petter and Mendoza kidney.

These men have raised money through the sale of "units" in campaigns conducted in the name of other companies.

Petter until recently operated from an office in Astor House, Aldwych, London.

Few men have had more experience in the ways of fund-raising than Petter, who was once a close associate of Jacob Factor. He is an associate of several shady financiers whose names have often been mentioned in these columns.

When he was actively selling "units" he gathered round him a number of characteristic "hot" American salesmen. One of his cronies was a man named Smolensky, who preferred to use the more useful cognomen of Davis. It was he who brought over the Americans, experts in unloading units.

Petter and his associates have been paid as much as 30 per cent. for their "unit" selling services.

This handsome reward was paid to them out of capital.

How *can* a company expect to thrive when it is organised on such lines and raises money by such means?

A rogue who planned to play a prominent part in mushroom-growing ramps is Henry Isaac Rothfield, who started a concern called the Mushroom Farmers' Association, Ltd.

Literature issued by this concern said that mushroom mycelium would produce "phenomenal profits" if co-operatively produced.

"The interest of what we term 'gardening,' whether it be the cultivation of flowers, fruit or vegetables, is innate in most people," one was told.

"Many specialise in one or another, but we doubt whether many have either the experience or facilities for growing mushrooms.

"A very interesting brochure accompanies this letter, which deals exclusively with mushroom growing as a profitable industry.

"We ask you, therefore, to give this booklet at least one careful perusal, as it contains not only useful information to serve as a guide when buying mushrooms, but also details of an unique and profitable scheme." Following further gush of this kind, the association went so far as to assert that their offer to the investing public was "most attractive," as it guaranteed a profit of not less than 20 per cent. per annum!

Through glib-tongued salesmen, Rothfield raised money for this and other schemes, but despite all the rosy promises which were made investors have never seen any of the profits which were prophesied.

Out of the income he derived from his share-pushing frauds, Rothfield, who lived in style on a farm in Essex, contrived to run his own aeroplane and cars, and to live in luxury.

He started life as a moneylender's tout. He then turned to the financing of cigarette shops and kiosks frequented by undesirables. Next, he worked with dubious diamond dealers and, finally, became an associate of share-pushers.

He owned, in conjunction with two other shady financiers, what has been officially recorded as the best list of "dupes" ever compiled.

Prior to his overdue arrest, which led to his being recently sent to penal servitude, Rothfield had turned to mushroom growing and the "unit" racket.

Fortunately for the public, police intervention came in time to prevent what was undoubtedly destined to be another big mushroom "unit" fiasco.

I am interested from the point of view of law in the "security" which the purchaser of a "unit" acquires. A "unit" obviously is land, and land can only be acquired by a "conveyance" or a lease, otherwise there is no title whatever!

THUS, when a person purchases a "unit" he purchases, in law, *nothing whatever beyond what may be growing upon that "unit"* or may grow upon it.

If, by chance, the land were mortgaged and the mortgagees foreclosed, the whole interest of the "unit" holder would, in my judgment, pass into the hands of the mortgagees.

Investors should realise that a "unit" holder not only has no conveyance of the land, but not even a lease of it. So his "title" is clearly non-existent!

A "unit" holder is neither a landlord nor a tenant—he is unconsciously merely a "speculator"—and has no tangible security beyond a guarantee received from the particular company concerned.

What is that guarantee worth if the company fails and the mortgagees foreclose?

Precisely nothing!

I estimate that £1,250,000 has been sunk by small investors mainly in "unit" schemes of this kind, and I am delighted to learn that the whole business of "unit" raising finance is shortly to come under official review.

Heartbreak Homes

ONCE again the threat of demolition hangs like a shadow of doom over Dorset villagers at Netherbury, one of the most picturesque areas in the county.

Clustered about its fifteenth-century parish church are thatched-roof cottages, which, with their well-kept gardens, are a delight to the eye.

If these houses are condemned, and they are in imminent danger, there will be many stories of heartbreak and despair at Netherbury, for the householders can expect nothing but the bare site value of their demolished houses.

The story of Mrs. John Pye, a widow whose thatched-roof dwelling has walls which are eighteen inches thick, is typical.

"My husband," she says, "spent his life's savings to buy this cottage to shelter us in our old age.

"Only last year I spent £16 on having the roof re-thatched and making it rainproof. . . . If it is pulled down all my husband's savings will be gone with the cottage which has been our home."

Not far away from her lives Mrs. Hansford, a ninety-year-old widow. The passing years have wrinkled her face, and her body is frail.

"What am I to do at my time of life?" she asks pathetically.

Everywhere in the village there is talk of hardship. The villagers protest that in many cases their cottages are in good repair, and inspection bears out that view.

At a recent meeting of the District Council, the Hon. James Best, O.B.E., said:

"I have heard some pathetic stories of people who all their lives have saved up for their own home. They have paid for them, and now their houses have to be demolished. This is an appalling outlook."

Of that there is no doubt. And this tragic state of affairs is not only happening in Dorset, but in many parts of the country.

Demolition orders are carried out in the name of progress, true. But it is a sad thing when progress means ruin and despair to poor and aged people who have sacrificed everything to buy the little houses in which they hoped to end their days in contentment

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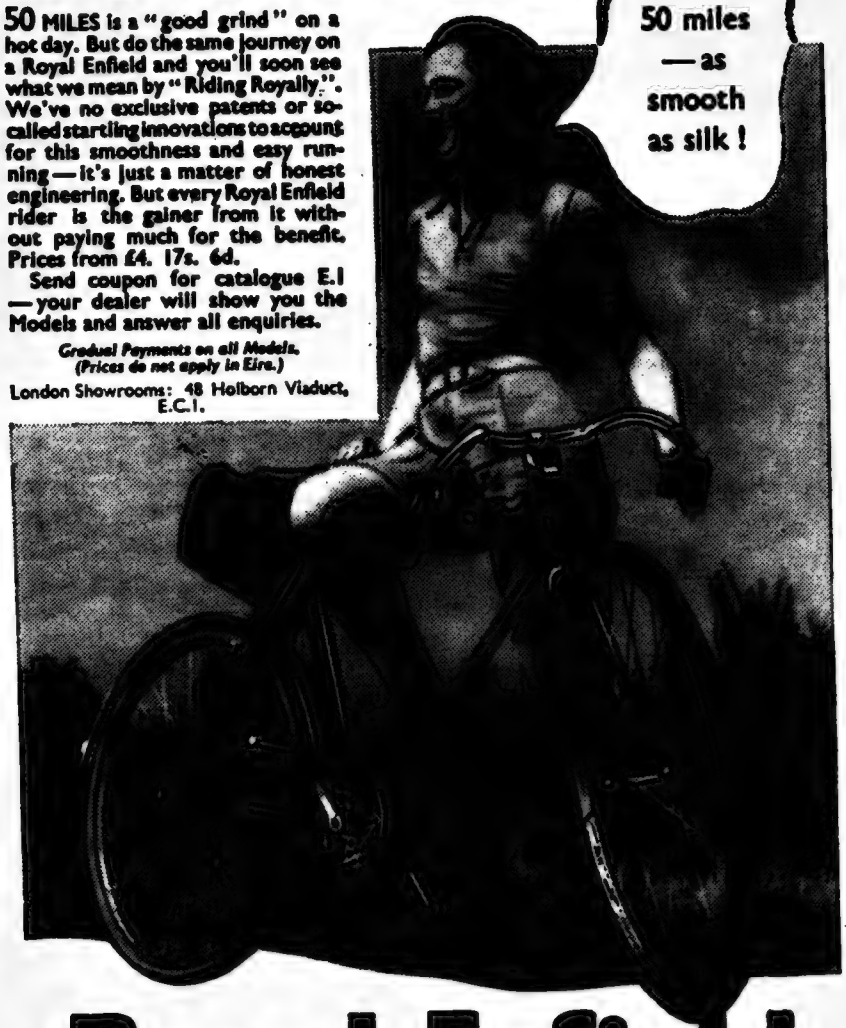

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Continuing Sir W. Childs' Special Dossier

Cruel Trap for Nurses

A NUMBER of experienced professional nurses, one of them a woman in the sixties, have lost their savings in one of the most impudent schemes which have come to my notice for a very long time.

Captain Frederick Russell, a former officer in the Royal Engineers, from an address at St. John's Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, advertised in a weekly journal a few months ago for nurses.

He offered them a salary of £3 a week with quarters, to take charge of a number of domestic agencies that were to be established in various parts of the country.

Many nurses, weary of a life of drudgery in hospitals and nursing homes, and thinking this an opportunity to spend their remaining years in a congenial job with commensurate salary, answered the advertisement.

They were interviewed by Captain Russell and a Miss Henson, who said she was a State Registered Nurse. No great experience, it seemed, was required for the post of manageress of the new agencies, only a certain shrewdness and common-sense.

Of course there would have to be a period of tuition, and for this every applicant must pay. A sum of £50 was asked for instruction to be an ordinary manageress, and double the sum for a "district supervisorship."

Not too bad a fee in the circumstances!

* * *

It was a woman of more than sixty who paid £100 for the latter high-sounding title. At least one other successful applicant borrowed the £50 from friends in order to be admitted into this wonderful scheme.

Russell promised the women he would pay them £3 a week while they were receiving tuition, out of which they had to pay £1 for board and lodging in the house in St. John's Road, Tunbridge Wells (turned into a training school for the purpose), and 1s. 3d. insurance and unemployment money.

Some of them actually did receive this remuneration for periods varying from three to twelve weeks. It is known that Captain Russell collected a large sum of money in premiums from women who stayed for a time at his Tunbridge Wells "school."

Tuition, if it could be so called, in the business of running domestic agencies, was in the hands of a Miss Martin, but weeks went by and there was absolutely no sign of the appointment of any one of the pupils to the promised office for which they had subscribed.

As time passed the women became naturally anxious, and their discontent reached a climax when Russell informed them there would be no more food, fire or light unless they all agreed to pay him £1 a week out of their own pockets.

This, although he had taken their life's savings on the pretence of finding them lucrative jobs.

Naturally the nurses immediately asked for the return of their money. Russell dismissed such an idea with a shrug. The elderly woman who had advanced £100—all she had in the world—saw him privately, but obtained no more satisfaction than the others.

* * *

It transpired that he had been summoned for non-payment of rates. The electric light and gas were cut off. Furniture was seized and the office left stripped. The victims were told either to subscribe towards the debts or get out. Some women left at once. Others were obliged to sit in the house in darkness without food.

Russell eventually left the district.

A local solicitor was informed of the circumstances, and both he as well as the local police have lately been investigating the matter.

The break-up of the "school" in St. John's Road was a real tragedy. The women were left almost destitute, and they had to help one another to get to their friends. One nurse came from Ireland, and she had not a penny.

She would have been left completely stranded if the others had not clubbed together to find her fare. One or two remained behind for a time.

The woman of more than sixty was taken by another of the victims down to her home in Plymouth. She was destitute, but in her case she has found a light job in a local nursing home. The fate of the others has not been so happy. Most of them are still looking for work.

Notwithstanding this disgraceful fiasco at Tunbridge Wells, Russell has had the audacity to start a new venture named the "Multiple Domestic Agencies," with headquarters in Western Road, Hove, Sussex.

He is advertising, from this new address, for manageresses, who are to be given tuition in return for premiums!

This is not the first time Russell has embarked on schemes for establishing domestic service agencies. On one occasion he was refused a licence to open such an establishment by the Marylebone (London) magistrate.

A few further facts about this rogue. In December, 1933, John Bull exposed an earlier dodge run by this same man, who was then operating from Abinger Road, Bedford Park, London, W.

* * *

He had embarked upon a plan to establish fifty domestic servant registry agencies in London, with branch offices in every important provincial centre.

He offered a good salary in return for employment to people willing to put up premiums of £30, and addressed a big meeting of domestic servants at the Albert Hall, London, to further his scheme.

John Bull criticised the project in caustic terms.

Russell issued a writ for libel.

We pleaded justification, and, in the High Courts of Justice, after an eight-day hearing, a verdict was given against him, with costs.

Russell appealed. His appeal was dismissed, and to this day we have not received our costs, which run well into four figures.

This man obviously should not be permitted to open these agencies indiscriminately.

Quite a number of readers have written me urging me to do something to curb his operations.

I can do no more than expose him—which I gladly do in the hope of saving future victims from falling into his clutches.

I hope some steps can be taken to render a repetition of his audacious and heartless Tunbridge Wells ramp impossible in the future.

Captain Frederick Russell addressing a big audience at the Albert Hall. Many nurses, some getting on in years, have lost their savings through his impudent schemes

Mud-Slinging Pools Firm

WHEN I wrote about International Sporting Pools, Ltd., of Bristol, in the issue of March 12, I did not think it would be necessary for me to have to mention this concern again.

You will remember that my original criticism concerned the presentation of a cheque for £1,506 for winnings by Mr. A. E. Chard, a director of the Pools, to a Mr. "William Jackson," whom I said was in actual fact Chard's brother.

There followed a challenge of £1,000 to be paid to any charity if it could be proved that I.S.P. had ever defaulted to a winner or paid a large sum to a relative of any director or official of the company.

My response was that if it could be proved that Mr. Chard was not the brother of "William Jackson," and that the same Jackson had won £1,506 and received it, then I would acknowledge the facts in John Bull.

My proposition was not taken up.

In the meantime this concern is carrying on such an intensive campaign of vilification and propaganda directed for the most part against this newspaper that I feel obliged to refer to the matter once more.

Directors of I.S.P. are circularising over a wide area what they describe as an "Open Letter to John Bull."

No mention is made of the affair of the cheque which formed the second part of the original £1,000 challenge.

In an advertisement in a West of England newspaper, I.S.P. published a letter, presumably from one of their supporters, in which reference was made to "that lying paper John Bull." The newspaper was actually being printed when this gross libel was spotted by one of the editorial staff. The machines were at once stopped and attempts made to obliterate the offending phrase.

In the next issue there appeared the following announcement:

"An advertisement of International Sporting Pools, Ltd., which appeared in our last night's issues, embodied in it a letter, which International Sporting Pools had received from a client, in which a regrettable reflection was made upon the newspaper John Bull.

"In the course of printing, this was discovered, and steps were immediately taken not only to eliminate the objectionable reference, but to recall, as far as possible, those copies which had already been sent out."

At the same time the editor of this same newspaper wrote to us apologising for the unfortunate mistake, adding:

"We all know that it is your policy, as well as that of all newspapers, not to be disturbed by attacks, and it is also our policy not to participate in reflections upon the integrity of our contemporaries."

I am indebted to the editor of the West Country newspaper for his courtesy and the steps he took in this matter.

What I have said about the I.S.P., I have said! I withdraw nothing, and there, as far as I am concerned, the matter ends.

I want to repeat that if I am wrong they have their remedy.

That is a writ for libel.

Mean "Death" Frauds

A CONTEMPTIBLE form of trickery, through which many bereaved persons have been victimised, is the work of Thomas Regan, alias L. Gillham, of Yeovil and other addresses.

In Bath, Yeovil, Weston-super-Mare, Bridgwater and elsewhere, Regan has become known as the "Artful Dodger," and a warning to the public through these columns is overdue.

* * *

Regan's trickery concerns the unloading of cheap watches on the public in an ingenious manner.

He studies obituary notices in provincial newspapers, and selects as intended victims persons living many miles from, say, Yeovil. He sends a cheap watch on which 6s. 8d. or so has to be paid C.O.D., and addresses the parcel to the deceased person.

More often than not the relatives are caught by this trick, and pay the money due, without knowing the contents of the parcel.

This is a most contemptible form of fraud, being carried out deliberately at the time of bereavement. Relatives naturally believe that the parcel has been ordered, and it is only after paying the postman and opening it that they realise they have been tricked.

Enquiries enable me to say that there have been at least fifty of these cases within a short period, and people in Devon and Cornwall have suffered particularly as the result of Regan's audacity. The ramp has been conducted in the guise of the "Latham Watch Company."

* * *

Lately, Regan has been engaged in a new enterprise. He has organised what he calls the "Artists' Guild," with headquarters at Weston-super-Mare, and offers people in country districts a coloured enlargement of any photograph absolutely free of cost as "an advertisement."

People thus induced to hand over a photograph for enlargement (agreeing to have it framed at a reasonable price) in due course receive the enlargement. They are staggered to learn the cost of the frame.

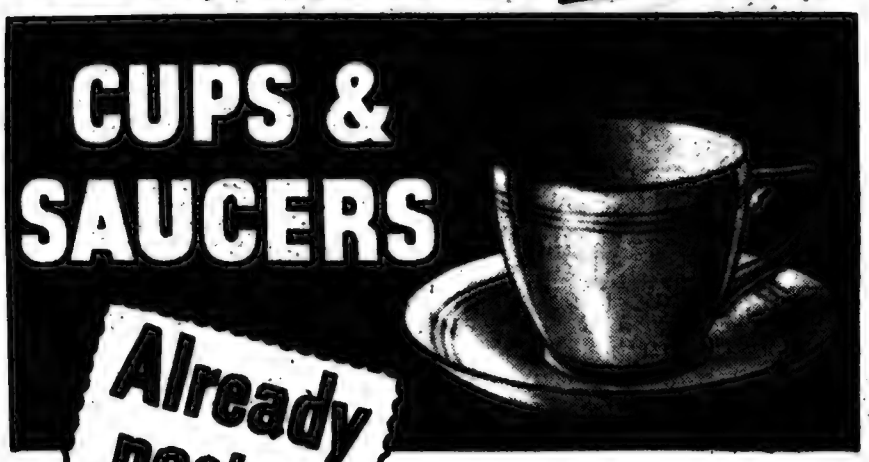
* * *

The charge may be £2 or less, according to the circumstances!

Regan has recently been working this enlargement trick on a wide scale, and there is no doubt that he will extend his activities to other areas.

Obviously his title of the "Artful Dodger" has been well earned, and readers should be on their guard.

120,000 FREE



to users of BOURNVILLE COCOA

Is the postman bringing Bournville Cocoa Gifts to *you?* Over 4,000 are being posted a day in exchange for Bournville Cocoa coupons. A magnificent Gift Scheme! 120,000 of these fine quality Cups and Saucers have already been posted. A fascinating variety of nearly 200 Gifts shown in the Gift Book! The form below will bring you a copy with a Free coupon to start your collection.

Already posted

100,000 DRUMS OF BOURNVILLE BISCUITS

It's easy to understand the popularity of this Gift. Who wouldn't exchange only 14 coupons for a ½ lb. Drum of Cadbury's Bournville Biscuit Assortment? And remember—the form below will bring you a Free coupon to start your collection.

Already posted

15,000 LEATHER TEA COSIES

It's hard to imagine a homelier Gift than a Tea Cosy. This handsome leather Cosy, with a padded inside, is keeping 15,000 tea-pots warm in 15,000 homes. And for long service, there's nothing like leather!

FREE coupon with this gift book

Start collecting your coupons to-day

POST FORM FOR YOUR FREE COPY

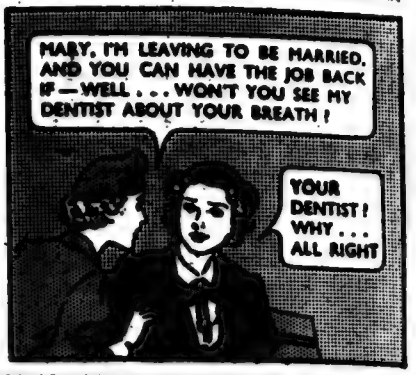
To 'NEW GIFTS,' CADBURY, BOURNVILLE.
Please send me (no new 44-page Bournville Book of Gifts with free coupon. (Please write in BLOCK LETTERS).

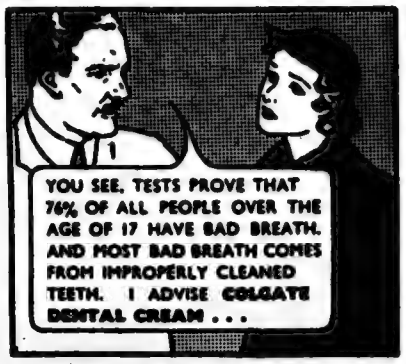
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Post in unsealed envelope (postage ½d.). This offer applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

STRANDED
UNTIL HER DENTIST TOLD HER WHY...


MARY, I'M LEAVING TO BE MARRIED, AND YOU CAN HAVE THE JOB BACK IF—WELL . . . WON'T YOU SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
YOUR DENTIST! WHY . . . ALL RIGHT


YOU SEE, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM . . .

ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
YOU'RE CERTAINLY THE PERFECT SECRETARY, MISS DRAKE . . . IN EVERY WAY! I'M AFRAID YOU DESERVE AN INCREASE!
THANKS SO MUCH, MR. ALLEN!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes the teeth sparkle!"

THREE SIZES 6d. 1/- 1/6d

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33

THE NEED FOR A PLANNED CAREER WAS NEVER GREATER THAN IT IS TO-DAY!

IF you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, fill in the coupon on p. 6. It may make a wonderful difference to your future! Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject mentioned in the Bennett College announcement.

—Turn to the Bennett College Announcement on page 6.

GET THIS FREE CATALOGUE

—all about "Royal Enfield" Cycles

NOW that Spring is on the way, thousands will turn their thoughts to the joys of the open road. You would be wise therefore to get particulars of all Royal Enfield models by writing for Catalogue E.1 issued by the Enfield Cycle Co., Ltd., Redditch, or fill in the coupon on p. 16. All models can be obtained by gradual payments and to make sure of getting the best value and the best terms, get at once the interesting catalogue E.1. offered by Royal Enfield.

STORY SEQUEL TO "TEN-MINUTE ALIBI"

BLACKMAIL!

What Happened in the Play . . .

Betty Findon, infatuated with the suave Philip Sevilla, had promised to go away with him to Paris. Nothing Colin Derwent, who loved her, could do could change her mind.

She refused to believe the stories about the other girls who never came back, and Colin believed there was only one way to save her.

So Sevilla was found shot in his flat. But not even shrewd Detective-Inspector Pember and Sergeant Brace could connect Colin with the crime, for by all the evidence—particularly that of the clock—he had not arrived at the flat until after the murder had been committed.

Of course, he might have tampered with the clock, but this could not be proved, and the detectives at last agreed that he was innocent.

Ironically, they did not notice that the clock struck seven when the hands showed six.

Betty noticed and knew—but did not tell.

The inquest left the case open and Colin went free.

Here is the Sequel

by

ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

whose play, "Ten-Minute Alibi," is one of the most celebrated of all modern crime dramas. It ran for a year at the Haymarket Theatre, London, and toured the provinces with huge success

Colin's fist lashed out . . .

THE short, dark shifty-eyed man reddened, breathed quickly for a moment; then with an oath his right hand and half-empty glass of beer jerked upwards, and the other got the contents in his face.

"And I've 'arf a mind to push the glass in your dial, too," he snarled.

In the turmoil that followed the short man shook himself free, turned on his heel and slouched out into the Edgware Road.

Some months had passed since Philip Sevilla had been murdered, but the murderer had still to be found.

Though the innocence of all those present at the flat had been established at the time to Inspector Pember's satisfaction, there were people who thought they knew better.

Not till that afternoon, though, during a heated argument in the pub. where he was known, had anyone dared openly to taunt Hunter—and the ex-valet was not going to take it lying down.

"As if," he muttered furiously, as he approached Marble Arch, "I'd have laid a finger on my Mr. Sevilla.

"He was a swine all right—all those girls, and so on—but he was straight enough with me!

"Why couldn't those damn coppers get the right bloke at the time?" he asked savagely. "I know who had it in for Sevilla all right. That blasted Colin Derwent!"

★ On a bench in the Park someone had left a newspaper, and Hunter settled moodily down to read.

A few moments later he sat up with an oath. That very name had leapt at him from the pages—"Colin Derwent": "*The engagement has been announced. . . .*" he read. "*Miss Elizabeth Findon. . . .*"

He crumpled the paper up, threw it angrily from him.

Going to marry, while he, who'd been used to good pickings, had only a quid in his pocket. . . . That silly little piece!

Done her a world of good if Sevilla *had* got hold of her, shipped her off. . . . .

Yet, because Derwent had somehow been clever enough to get away with it. . . . How had he? . . . If only . . .

He sat up abruptly. An idea had come to him, connected with a vague memory of some little incident that had occurred at the time, but had been buried these past months. He began to think very hard—till at last he smiled a sly, triumphant smile, and, recovering the paper, smoothed it out to look for an address.

It might be worth trying!

Betty Findon, slim and graceful, ran lightly down the steps of Clerihew Mansions—and stopped with a little gasp.

In front of her, waiting, stood Hunter; no longer the suave, sly valet, who had so often welcomed her to Philip's flat, but an unpleasant, down-at-heel loafer.

"'Scuse me, Miss Findon. Don't you remember me?"

"Why, isn't it Hunter?"

★ She forced a note of casualness, but fear was in her voice.

He had brought back horrible memories—her mad infatuation for Sevilla, the disillusionment, all the events of that terrible Thursday afternoon when at the end she had suddenly realised that Colin *had* tampered with the clock, had killed Sevilla, as the only way to save her from herself.

And ultimately the primitive woman in her had reacted to that knowledge. She loved him.

"I know I look bad," Hunter was whining, "but I want a job, Miss Findon." Then, bolder: "Perhaps you can help me?"

"I'm afraid I can't possibly . . ."

"Better have a talk with me before you say 'No,'" he went on.

Though his eyes furtively sought the pavement, there was menace in his voice. "*Much* better."

Betty was suddenly terrified. What did he mean? Her one thought was to get quickly to Colin.

"I—I can't see you now," she stammered, and drew to one side.

Hunter was suddenly elated. She knew! It was working.

"Of course, not *now*, Miss," he said, with a return of his old suaveness.

"I'll be on the St. James's Park bridge at four."

And before Betty, angry now at her, perhaps, unjustified fear, could collect herself, he had slid off.

Her fear, however, had returned four-fold when she reached Colin's flat.

It was now an indefinable terror lest something should reach out of the past and crush the pair of them in their new-found happiness.

"What *can* he know?" she repeated, and Colin, his pleasant, open face clouded with worry, reassured her.

"He can only guess. He can *know* nothing."

"After all, those two detectives put me through a good gruelling about that clock and were convinced.

"So convinced that they never noticed it struck wrong at the last minute."

"But supposing—somehow—their suspicions are roused again?"

He stood up decisively. "We'll see Hunter together," he announced. "I expect he's just trying it on."

"And if he isn't?" Her voice was suddenly near tears. "Oh, darling, then we *must* buy him off. You've made money these last months . . ."

"Thanks to the publicity."

"All the more reason to give him, say, a hundred pounds to go away and leave us." She laid a hand on his arm. "I *can't* run the risk of losing you now."

Colin shook his head. "I took the law into my own hands, Betty. That was wrong. It was the only way to save you from—from being killed as surely as any girl was ever killed.

"But, as a barrister, I know man's law doesn't reckon with that sort of thing.

★ "If there's another bigger law somewhere that says I've done right, then nothing will happen. So I shan't let myself be blackmailed, and I shan't try to avoid any consequences."

For all her terrified misery, Betty felt she could never in her life love him as much as she did that minute. She kissed him passionately, and they went out.

Hunter's shifty eyes lit with a quickly-concealed triumph as he saw Derwent with the girl.

"He's going to cough up," he thought, and touched his hat insolently.

Colin came straight to the point.

"Anything you want to say to Miss Findon," he began abruptly, "you can say to me instead. After that, you can go away and not bother us again."

"Ah! That depends, Mr. Derwent." He sucked his teeth. "Listen! I'll speak straight out. You did in Mr. Sevilla."

Colin stiffened. The other went on:

"You know it and I know it, but the police don't.

"Now, I overheard a bit of their talk, and at one time they were wondering if that clock hadn't perhaps

(*Continued on page 32*)

Premier MACKENZIE KING sees foreigners, not Britons, flooding his country

Premier HERTZOG wants South African National Anthem and another flag

Viceroy LOR LINLITHGO faces problem 353,000,0 diverse people

This was K question. N

H

HILE Europe is gradually being transformed into an armed camp with great eagerly watching out for t move of a rival, we in are calmly building up tary resources.

rocess has been going on nsiderable time, imperceptadually, surely.

ne as a surprise to many Mr. Neville Chamberlain, e Minister, referred to the of the Empire as being terrifying strength."

hat is the real strength of ire, its material resources, bond of union which is the tween our commonwealth ns?

per, the British Empire is t formidable combination es and territories in the of the world.

s a total area of 13,909,782 niles and a total population 0,000.

ver you travel in the world e across the Union Jack.

ked by the King

slands in the South Indian waves, just as it does above es of the Himalayas; on the ock of Tristan da Cunha, ls of miles from anywhere, find it just as prominently bove the Victoria Tower in es of Parliament.

the war the Empire of four self-governing s — Canada, Australia, rica and New Zealand, the f India, and a vast number torates and Crown Colonies. those conditions do not

1, the Statute of Westmine powers to any of the self- Dominions to become almost entirely independent if they so desired.

The Irish Free State, now known as Eire, was made a fifth Dominion under the Statute.

Each Dominion can now formulate its own foreign policy. Each can now have its representatives abroad.

They may do exactly as they please in their domestic affairs.

The only irrevocable link with the Empire at the present moment is King George, who is the individual ruler of each Dominion and acknowledged as such.

They'd Fight Again

At the time of Edward's abdication this was shown, when each Dominion had to decide separately whether it would acknowledge the new King or not.

In the event of a war in which the Mother Country was involved, a Dominion could decide to remain neutral.

But what would happen if a Dominion was attacked by an enemy power? Could it expect protection from the British forces on land and sea and in the air?

Such a complexity may conceivably arise, and we ought from time to time to test the Dominions and see what they are worth, both materially and from a sentimental viewpoint.

It would be no good relying on an Empire which is loosely linked together and might become an incubus instead of a source of strength to the Motherland.

Let us look at it from this standpoint.

So great is the independence of the Dominions that they can even put an end to the right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which used to be the final tribunal in matters of dispute between the individual Dominions and the Mother Country.

And even a great leader like General Smuts has declared that if Great Britain were involved in war, the Dominions would only enter it of their own will.

It is obvious that if the British Commonwealth of Nations is to hold together, there must be united action among its members. But how is that united action to be attained?

What is the actual feeling of the Dominions towards the Mother Country?

Let us start with New Zealand, traditionally the pioneer in the sphere of social legislation.

It has a population of approximately 1,650,000, of which 85,000 are Maoris.

The outlook of the inhabitants is one of enlightened self-interest, for they have problems of finding foreign markets for their produce which are entirely their own affair.

When it comes to Imperial relations, there would appear to be no doubt that, as a community, they have an affectionate regard for the Crown and the Mother Country.

Indeed, quite recently the Prime Minister declared that if ever Great Britain went to war in her own defence, then the soldiers of New Zealand would march with her.

Quarrel over Flag

In the Union of South Africa, which has a European population of 21,800,000, the problem of government is aggravated by the fact that two distinct races—the Dutch Afrikanders and the British settlers—live side by side.

There is no doubt that the Union has always regarded itself as rather different from the other Dominions of the Empire.

For a long period after the war there was an acrimonious controversy in regard to the Union flag.

In the end there was a compromise.

Yet there is a strong minority of extremists who desire to break away from the Empire completely.

Moreover, the fact that you possess a British passport does not mean you will be allowed to land in Union territory.

Immigration laws are severe, and no one can settle in the land until he has satisfied the authorities that he is in perfectly sound health and has capital in his possession of at least £100.

Labour on farmland is for the most part native, and there is no scope for Europeans unless they intend to lease or buy their own farms.

For this a minimum of £2,000 is required.

The result is that immigration is practically non-existent.

At the moment there is a growing desire among the 60 per cent. Dutch-speaking inhabitants of the Union for their own national anthem—"Die Stem van Suid Afrika" ("The Voice of South Africa")—a hymn which speaks of the traditional ox-wagons, velds and blue skies of the country.

The new Governor-General, Sir Patrick Duncan, a native-born South African, has made translations of speeches from the Throne in Afrikander.

Prime Minister Hertzog is leading the agitation to have the local anthem replace "God Save the King."

In Pretoria, a short time ago, a picture of the King thrown on a screen in a cinema was sprayed with ink. At Cape Town, Parliament members do not hesitate to speak of

South Africa to say that in any way t defence of th Canada h 10,000,000, bu country has It is true families from to settle on West. But their pare with th Germans a are settling of Canada.

Foreig

They find, higher stand which they are willing t which do no Englishman. On the British indu huge sums But the districts a foreign in Britons seen There is a lation whi breakaway with the U At the mo tion for a di eliminate th leaf and cr ground. This mov opposed in One spea would give "miserable friendly na

This was King George the Fifth's dying question. Now is the time to ask again—

How is the Empire?

Premier LYONS is spending £23,000,000 on Australia's defences this year

Premier SAVAGE says New Zealanders would stand always by Britain

Viceroy LORD LINLITHGOW faces problem of 353,000,000 diverse peoples

South Africa's right to secede and to say that the Union is not party in any way to any general scheme of defence of the Empire.

Canada has a population of 10,000,000, but immigration from this country has practically ceased.

It is true that from time to time families from Britain have gone over to settle on the farmlands of the West.

But their numbers do not compare with those of foreign settlers. Germans and Central Europeans are settling freely in the Dominion of Canada.

Foreign "Invasion"

They find, even on the prairies, a higher standard of living than that which they were accustomed to, and are willing to work under conditions which do not appeal to the ordinary Englishman.

On the other hand, many big British industrialists are investing huge sums in Canada.

But the fact remains that whole districts are being occupied by foreign immigrants, while no Britons seem to be required.

There is a proportion of the population which would welcome a breakaway and embracing union with the United States.

At the moment there is an agitation for a distinctive flag that would eliminate the Union Jack—a maple leaf and crown on a purple background.

This movement is being bitterly opposed in many quarters.

One speaker has stated that it would give an opportunity to the "miserable and surly Press in unfriendly nations all over Europe of saying the British Empire is breaking up."

Australia, the island continent, with a population of about 7,000,000, was the first of the Dominions to suffer from the great world crisis of 1931.

Immigration ceased entirely about 1930 for British settlers, and it has only just been revived in a modified form.

Previous to 1930, approximately 20,000 people left each year to settle in Australia. During the years of depression thousands left the country to look for work in other parts of the world.

Now that recovery has come Australia is looking for more inhabitants. Thirty thousand are required.

But this does not mean that the previous rate of immigration will ever be reached again.

Australia, in spite of its vast areas, cannot absorb landworkers at that rate.

Menace of Japan

Up to the present heavy industries are not sufficiently developed to call for skilled artisans in any large numbers.

Something like 600 million pounds of British capital is invested in Australian undertakings.

The Commonwealth is in a peculiar position because of its isolation. It wants population, but it cannot absorb great numbers at a time. It can only take 7,000 a year instead of the former 20,000.

According to Mr. Bruce, the High Commissioner in London, if 200,000 people were suddenly brought into Australian agriculture they would produce so much that there would be no market to absorb it.

For years past Australia has waged war against the filtration of Japanese into her territory.

It is plain to her rulers that Japan casts envious eyes on the vast territory lying almost at her back door.

Millions of Japanese could easily settle in regions impossible for white men. Australia is genuinely alive to the danger that she has such a small population which cannot be increased rapidly.

For that reason this year she is spending £23,000,000 on defence by land and sea.

Such is the general position of the four big Dominions as concerns Great Britain.

One can begin to understand the importance of the Statute of Westminster in the event of a major crisis arising.

In Eire, the fifth Dominion, there is no need to emphasise the conflicting points of view between the Dublin Government and Whitehall. Enough to say they are not satisfactory.

There remains the question of the Empire of India. Of what actual value is it to the Empire as a whole?

It is a vast area, larger than Europe, and contains more than a million square miles, on which live 353,000,000 people, who speak 225 different languages apart from dialects.

At the moment the Secretary of State for India is responsible to the Crown for all Indian affairs.

But the Indian problem remains one of the most difficult of all.

Indians of all grades are demanding full Dominion status.

There is also an enormous number of native politicians who would like the British to be driven out of Indian affairs completely, in spite of the untold millions which Great Britain has spent in developing the country.

A big area of the north in recent years has been systematically subjected to Bolshevist propaganda.

Wasted Riches

If India were left alone, it is world opinion that it would soon be the prey of Russia and Japan.

Leave India to develop within the British Raj and there is no need to worry about the future.

Coming nearer to Government control, one wonders if H.M. Government has made the most of its opportunities in its relations with Crown Colonies and Protectorates.

Could not Kenya be made a source of vast profit to the Empire in the way of food and other supplies?

Then again, perhaps it is largely the fault of short-sighted policy that the Rhodesias, Southern and Northern, are not being developed at the rate which they could be.

Southern Rhodesia has an area of 150,000 square miles. It has a population of 1,305,00 natives, but the Europeans number only 57,000.

The land is admirably adapted for settlement by Europeans, yet in that vast space there are fewer than 60,000 white people.

In the case of Northern Rhodesia, where there are wide tracts of arable and farm land, the native population is again round about 1,300,000, while the white is only 10,000.

Lord Bledisloe, former Governor-General of New Zealand, said only a day or two ago:

"This need for the multiplication of the British race is very vital."

Only recently it was disclosed that, in spite of the range of possessions in the West Indies, nearly all the aeroplane traffic to the immediate parts of South America was in Dutch hands.

There are many such opportunities being neglected.

If Hitler in one of his violent moments announced that he proposed to seize German South-West Africa, now under mandate to the Union, would South Africa expect assistance from the Mother Country when her rulers openly boast that she has a right to remain neutral in any war in which she was not concerned?

What, indeed, would be the response of the Dominions if they were called on to declare their policy of coming to the aid of Great Britain in the event of a war that did not seem to affect them directly?

And, in effect, are they pulling their weight?

The Man on Your Doorstep

Before publishing this article, JOHN BULL submitted it to the Executive Committee of the National Union of Salesmen. The comment received in reply is that not only is it wholly true, but that it is an understatement

by Ronald Bryce

"Doorstep sales and negotiations are difficult for us. The hand of the housewife seems to be against us!"

IN the name of half a million helpless men and women I ask for your pity.

We are the people who badger you or your wife on the doorstep—the "speciality salesmen," as our employers are pleased to call us.

Our only dignity is in the title of the job.

We try to sell you, on various credit systems, all kinds of merchandise, including electric clocks, electric irons, water softeners, refrigerators, chromium kettles and teapots, silk stockings, radio sets, washing machines, drapery and clothing.

The life of most of us in this work has always been, at the best, a hellish one.

During the past month it has become impossible.

The hand of the housewife is against us with a vengeance.

She has been thrown into alarm by the reports of the Parliamentary debates on Miss Ellen Wilkinson's Hire-Purchase Bill and the radio talks that have been given on the subject.

Useless to attempt to explain to the housewife that the Bill is designed for her protection, and that it has the benediction of reputable firms.

The revelations in the Press, and on the wireless, of the roguery, sharp practice and harshness which Miss Wilkinson is seeking to abolish have so startled women that, for the time being, they are taking no risks with any of us.

In their eyes we are all possible crooks and swindlers.

But I am not asking for your pity on this score.

Housewives cannot be blamed for their suspicions. They have been terribly tricked and exploited.

Confidence cannot be expected to return to them until they are convinced that adequate protection has been given against cheats and charlatans.

Miss Wilkinson's Bill alone will not do that.

It will not be achieved until effective action of some kind is taken to deal with the position of the men and women whose job it is, on the doorstep, to persuade you to buy goods by instalment payments.

Let it be understood that those on whose behalf I am writing are not the direct sales representatives of manufacturers, or of the wholesale or retail distributors appointed by them. Nor do they act for firms which sell nationally advertised goods.

We are in the service of so-called agents. Our employers are mostly aliens from Central Europe and America.

One and all of them are parasites.

They are men who have come to Britain for no other purpose than to exploit the makers of British goods, men and women who can be induced to canvass them—and, too often, the buyers.

Not in any sense do they represent the manufacturers or their ordinary selling agencies.

After renting offices in London or other large centres they advertise for speciality salesmen — magnificently phrased advertisements which bring men and women clamouring for jobs from all parts of the country.

Yes, and men and women of good education. Many are public school men. A large proportion have been in the Services.

They come like moths to candlelight. There is an endless flow of them.

For the most part we are the failures of the higher educational system—people who, for one reason or another, have been denied opportunities to begin or continue professional careers.

Down and out, we take a final gamble in the role of house-to-house speciality salesmen. Our average "life" in the job is one month.

After that we quit. The conditions are worse than poverty.

We are sucked and robbed by these alien agents who are allowed to carry on business in Britain by methods which no Briton would countenance.

They give us a line of goods to sell on the instalment system and coach us to use devices, often of the most dubious kind, to sell them.

Actually they have no goods to sell. When we bring back orders, they pass them on to the makers and receive their commission.

But when we seek our share we are treated with disdain and contempt.

These foreigners speak excellent English when they appoint us to the jobs, in which we are guaranteed by their advertisements to receive a minimum weekly salary of £2 or £3, plus commission at the rate of 7½ to 10 per cent.

Also when they tell us that we are assured of earning not less than £5 in any week and should have no difficulty in averaging £7 or £8 a week throughout the year.

But they become inarticulate when we call for our money. Then they "do not understand." They pay us a few shillings and say the matter will be looked into.

Next week it is the same.

The week after it is the same.

In the fourth week we are told that we have nothing to receive—often, that we are in debt.

The usual story is that orders we obtained in the earlier weeks have been cancelled and that our accounts have been debited to recover the paltry sums then paid to us.

Never are we shown any evidence of these things. Never do we get even the £2 or £3 salary that was promised, although the full quota of orders has been brought in.

Despairingly, I have tried out this speciality salesman game for the best part of a year. I was driven into the racket after years of destitution, a result of being "axed" in the economy drive seven years ago.

I was in the Colonial administration and had a public school and university education.

During my year as speciality salesman I have been on the road for nine of these self-styled agents.

Although my "guaranteed" salary was never less than £3 weekly, plus commission, and the lowest amount of orders I have returned in any week has been £20, the largest payment I have had is £1 12s.

My average has been 10s. 9d. per week, out of which I have had to meet all expenses.

I have a wife and one child. For seven months we have had to depend on Poor Law assistance.

Last week the selling team of five of which I am a member brought in orders to the value of £180.

To-day was settlement day.

I and another received 8s. 6d. each. The third and fourth were given 4s. 10d. each and the fifth—sevenpence!

Is it any wonder that, in these conditions, housewives are so often deceived by the speciality salesman—a poor devil who must get orders at any price?

Miss Wilkinson's Bill should be amended to kill these alien leeches who are feeding on the souls and bodies and suffering of half a million men and women and their families.

Spark set home ablaze

EARLY one morning a Rochdale reader was awakened by the acrid smell of smoke.

He hurried downstairs; found his living-room blazing.

A spark had fallen out of the embers and set fire to a settee.

Rousing his wife and child, he brought them to safety, called the fire brigade, and, with the help of neighbours, began to fight the outbreak with buckets of water.

When the brigade arrived, it was able to confine the fire to one room, but that room was wrecked.

But our reader had no need to worry. He had registered under our Free Insurance Scheme, and made a claim accordingly.

It had immediate attention.

On receipt of our cheque, he wrote:

"We appreciate it very much in our time of need. If it hadn't been for this, it would have been a bad day for us."

Once again we would remind you that JOHN BULL is the *only* newspaper in the world to safeguard its readers against Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness, as well as giving many Accident benefits.

Fill in the coupon on page 2 at once.

SAID PLUM THE SWEEP, THERE'S NO DISPUTE — IN ROWNTREE'S YOU CAN TASTE THE FRUIT!

Rowntree's Fruit Gums & Pastilles 2D

Car.NIB.

Thirst aid

"It is made from pure natural barley and lemons and contains no artificial essence whatsoever."—*Public Analyst's Report.*

Just add cold water

BORWICK'S LEMON BARLEY POWDER

3d and 7½d

(1s)

There's no doubt about it

Sometimes, in the all-important early days, a baby's natural food fails. There is sickness, fretting, loss of sleep and weight. Then it is that, times without number, Nestlé's Milk has come to the rescue.

Nestlé's Milk has one simple secret. The curd it forms is so light and flaky that the most delicate little stomach can keep down and digest every drop.

The rest follows. Little bones grow strong, limbs grow rounded and firm—a good beginning from which there's no turning back. LARGE SIZE 8D HALF SIZE 4½D

NESTLÉ'S MILK

COPYRIGHT

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33.

advice to harassed husbands

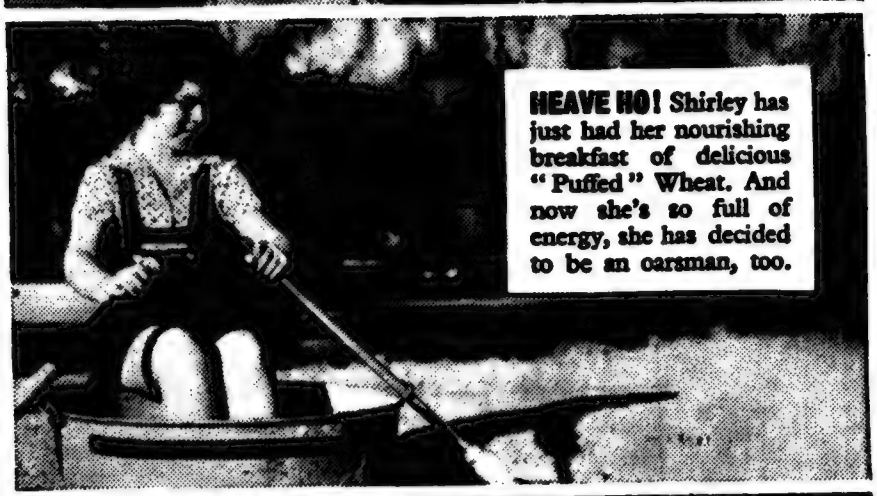
Buy a 4½d., 6d., or 9d. tube of Seccotine and get your wife to try it next wash day. It's a really marvellous renovator of silks and fabrics and gives them a "new lease of life." HUSBANDS—you must not miss this opportunity of saving on your wife's millinery and clothing bills! All good Ironmongers and general stores sell Seccotine.

Sole Proprietors: M'Caw Stevenson and Orr, Ltd., Belfast.

THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE.

SECCOTINE REGD.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
Starring in "HEIDI"
A 20th Century Fox Production
"Goodness, you're strong. You must eat lots of 'PUFFED' WHEAT too!"


HEAVE HO! Shirley has just had her nourishing breakfast of delicious "Puffed" Wheat. And now she's so full of energy, she has decided to be an oarsman, too.

LIKE MILLIONS of happy boys and girls, and grown-ups too, Shirley chooses "Puffed" Wheat as her favourite breakfast.

"Puffed" Wheat gives you quick food energy because it's shot from guns. Each grain is exploded to eight times its size to release its nourishment more quickly and easily. So, get "Puffed" Wheat from your grocer today.

You have only to see Shirley Temple's face smiling at you from every packet of "Puffed" Wheat to know what an exciting ready-to-eat meal these delicious crunchy grains make.

From top to bottom of the packet they're crackling crisp. Three separate wrappings take care of that!

There's another big treat for the children with "Puffed" Wheat. It gives them a whole model town to build *free!*

On every packet you'll find details *and one little house for them to start building right away!*

6½d. per packet

QUAKER OATS LTD., DISTRIBUTORS, SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX

MADE IN ENGLAND

P.153

What's good for SHIRLEY TEMPLE is good for your children too!

Spring Cleaning Simplified

For over 60 years the Housewives of England have used SCRUBB'S cloudy ammonia to clean their homes and keep them clean and bright. Because they have learnt the truth of our claim that . . .

SCRUBB'S
CLOUDY AMMONIA
CLEANS ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING
6D & 1/4
Write for Free Booklet "Home Hints 1938"
SCRUBB & CO., LTD.
GLASSHOUSE WALK, LONDON, S.E.11

HOW TO PREVENT HEADACHY MORNINGS

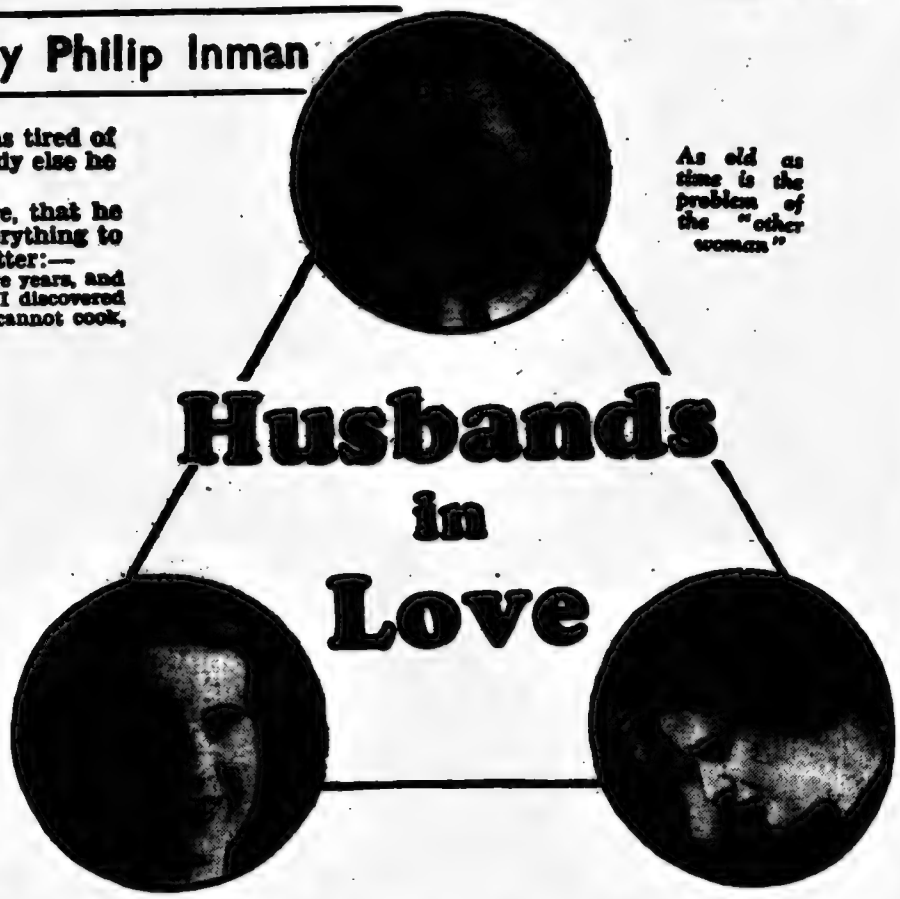
There's no need to wake up tired and "muzzy." There's one way you can prevent the acidity which causes those headaches and stomach upsets. And if you do wake up feeling rotten, the same thing will set you right in a few minutes.

Just drop a couple of 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets in a glass of water and drink it as soon as it has stopped fizzing. 'Alka-Seltzer' makes a pleasant-tasting sparkling drink that's simply amazing for Indigestion, Headaches, Colds, Rheumatism and the troubles that come from excess acidity.

There's nothing like 'Alka-Seltzer.' It's not salts and it's not a laxative. Just a pleasant, refreshing drink that shifts pain and discomfort like magic.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

Human Documents by Philip Inman



As old as time is the problem of the "other woman"

ONE of my readers tells me he has tired of his wife and has found somebody else he likes better.

I am not surprised, therefore, that he finds much to condemn in her and everything to praise in the other girl. Here is his letter:—

I am twenty-six, have been married for five years, and we have one child. It was not long before I discovered that I had made a tragic mistake. My wife cannot cook, nor is she capable of looking after our child.

When she goes out shopping, she either comes back with the wrong article or else with short change, and if I remonstrate she cries.

Sometimes I think she is not quite right, as some of her actions are not those of a sensible person.

I have been keeping company with a splendid girl for the last six months, and, though she knows I am married, she loves me dearly as I love her.

What I would like to know is, if I take my child and go to live with this girl, should I get into trouble with the authorities?

He talks lightly about keeping company with another girl. But he is a married man, and he is not free to offer his love elsewhere.

Then he says that the other girl is "splendid." If she were, she would not steal the affection which belongs to another woman and be a party to breaking up that other woman's home.

Incidentally, I wonder how much he himself has contributed to the present state of affairs.

Just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so husband and wife must combine to make a happy and peaceful home.

Now, this young man asks me a definite question. "Shall I get into trouble with the authorities?"

He certainly will, if he deliberately deserts his wife. And he will deserve all he gets.

HERE is another man whose marriage tie seems to count for very little. His wife says:

About eighteen months ago my husband got a better job, and about the same time I spoke to him about having children, as this has always been my desire.

His reply was, "Wait and see how I get on with my new work."

A few months ago he became very quiet, and when I asked what was the matter he told me he wanted to be free.

The shock was terrible, and I could not bear to hear the truth, but eventually I learned that he had become interested in a girl at his job.

He has always been a good husband and still is, and I am still in love with him.

If single girls did not encourage married men, there would not be so many broken hearts and broken homes.

Some men are like children—they like to be fêted and fussed.

That is often why the other girl scores. She flatters the man, emphasises all his good points and generally "plays up to him."

I am sure this wife makes herself and her home attractive, but other things are necessary.

Let her be cheerful, at least outwardly, even though her heart may be sad. Let her treat that friendship as something not to be taken seriously.

He is, I am told, a good husband. Because of that fact, I believe he will soon tire of his infatuation and turn back to his wife.

Should a man forgive his wife for something that happened before their marriage—that is the crux of my next problem. A husband writes:

Some years ago I fell deeply in love with a girl, and, despite the fact that she had previously had an illegitimate child, I married her.

Shortly afterwards, however, she confessed she had had an affair with another man, previous to meeting the father of her child.

The man in question was a rotter, and I tried to excuse her on the grounds that she was very young and that her parents should have forbidden her to have anything to do with such a man.

But, excuse her as I may, I can't blot it from my mind. I still love her, but I think I despise her, too; yet for the children's sake I endeavour to carry on.

I WONDER why this wife confessed these things to her husband?

Was it because she wanted to be honest and to have no secrets from him? If so, then her action is to be commended.

It would be well if my correspondent were to ask *himself* certain questions.

Has he never done anything in his life of which he feels ashamed? Has he been as straightforward with his wife as she has with him?

Let him answer these questions frankly.

Again, has his wife played the game by him since her marriage? Is he satisfied that she loves him as he loves her?

If his answer is Yes, then I hope he will wipe from his mind what has been told him about the past.

It is said that "the woman always pays." A bachelor of twenty-two tells me:

My work takes me to many different parts of the country. Some time ago, I met a girl and we went out occasionally.

Now, after five months, I have received a letter from her telling me that she is to become a mother and that I am responsible.

She asks me to marry her to give the child a name, and suggests that after a time I could divorce her if I wanted to.

Her letter ends by saying that she couldn't live to see her child grow up without a name or father, and that if I can't marry her she will take poison.

Now, although I don't deny my responsibility, under no circumstances could I think of marrying her.

What worries me most is whether she is really in earnest about the suicide. I would willingly pay towards the upbringing of the child.

NOW, it would be folly for this young man to marry the girl, since apparently he does not love her.

But he should not disregard his responsibilities nor the threat contained in the letter.

He should see the girl's parents, acknowledge his share of the blame and offer to make what amends he can.

Then he should tell them what their daughter has threatened to do. They will be able to take the necessary steps to safeguard her.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Greatest of These

CATHERINE is six. She has two brothers, one eight and the other two, and a sister of four.

Their mother is in a mental hospital.

Out of his unemployment benefit of 38s. a week their ex-Service father has to pay 9s. a week to the children's granny to look after the household, which leaves very little for rent, food, clothing, coal and light.

About four years ago, Catherine's mother had rheumatic fever, and whilst she was ill her then eldest boy, who was five, died.

This, and worry caused by the continuous unemployment of her husband, proved too much for her.

"Since 1936," says Catherine's father, "I've been able to get very little work.

"That, I think, preyed on my wife's mind. I wish she hadn't worried so much.

"Bless her heart, I worried myself, but I didn't let her see.

"Even now I keep on smiling, hoping that better things are in store.

"It's only for my children's sake that I ask for help."

We believe that those who read this story will help to bring about the "better things in store."

Subscriptions marked "Catherine," and those towards our General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We acknowledge with thanks 10s. from Walsall Mother.

DON'T BE APRIL FOOLED AGAIN!

Don't be fooled into thinking cold meat meals are dull. Cold meat's a success, when you serve Pan Yan too. Pan Yan is the spiciest appetiser you've ever set on the table. And it's specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs—that's why it puts people in such a good mood. Yes—good temper starts in the stomach—and Pan Yan's the thing to start it!

HEADLINE NEWS!

PRICE
22 GNS. OR £1 DOWN
without Handy Cleaning Kit
19 guineas

..this new "Ensemble" by HOOVER

The papers are writing about it—Women are talking about it—It's the World's Best Cleaner, now *plus* improvements that make it even more useful, handy and quick. Now in a jiffy—without even stopping the motor—you can change from carpet beating-sweeping to above-the-floor cleaning! With the new Hoover and its handy hanging kit of cleaning tools you can spring-clean the whole room from floor to ceiling. There's automatic adjustment to thick or thin pile carpets—there are miraculously light new cleaning tools of a special lightweight alloy, dozens of improvements you'll want to read about *now* before you spring-clean. It can be yours for £1 down—your old cleaner taken in part exchange. Send for the Hoover booklet that tells you more about it.

The HOOVER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

COUPON

By Appointment to the late King George V.

To Hoover Limited, Dept. X6, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex. Please send me a free copy of the new Hoover "Ensemble" booklet.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

By Appointment to the Prince of Wales 1923-36

BEAUTY GUARDED *naturally*
WITH THE OLIVE OIL IN
PALMOLIVE

Keep your complexion always sparkling with youth's own natural freshness. Then loveliness will never leave you. Do this with Palmolive! The olive oil in Palmolive gives it a generous creamy lather that preserves youthful beauty *naturally*. Use Palmolive in your bath and let it guard your skin loveliness "all over."

HERE'S WHAT OVER 20,000 BEAUTY EXPERTS RECOMMEND
IF THAT LOVELY SKIN IS TO LAST CLEANSE IT THOROUGHLY BUT GENTLY-I ADVISE PALMOLIVE
A GENEROUS AMOUNT OF DEEP-CLEANSING OLIVE OIL GOES INTO EVERY TABLET OF PALMOLIVE
SUCCESS IS WON BY A LOVELY COMPLEXION!
CHIEF! I'VE FOUND THE VERY LEAD FOR OUR NEXT FILM! THAT COMPLEXION'LL STAND ANY CLOSE-UP!
PALMOLIVE
3d per tablet

WOMEN with WINGS (2)

Pauline (standing) and Dorothy at their Wallingford "headquarters"

Crooks Hired Our Air-Taxi

Pauline Gower, daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P., and her friend Dorothy Spicer forsook comfortable homes to forge careers as airwomen. Their adventures are being written for "John Bull" readers in this thrilling series

by Pauline Gower

IT was a thrilling moment when Dorothy and I set out in our hired machine to wrest a fortune from flying.

How rosily optimistic our intentions! We would make sufficient by giving joy-rides in the hired craft to live comfortably and buy ourselves our own machine.

Then there would be no stopping us.

We chose a field on the main road between Sevenoaks and Orpington.

It was a small field with an awkward slant—difficult even for a clever pilot.

And Dorothy, who took the machine up first, though tolerably skilful, had not had much experience.

Not being bent on suicide, she made four efforts to land, once clearing a hedge by a few inches, before she made it.

Then I brought out the books of cloak-room tickets that were to serve as flight tickets.

Dorothy was to sell them and assist with the handling of the vast crowd that was bound to turn up.

We waited an hour. That crowd seemed a bit late, but still we waited.

At last two people arrived. They were my sister and brother-in-law, come to see us make money by the handful.

I took them up and flew low over roads with them to advertise the fact that there was an aeroplane in the district.

Soon a motor-cyclist stopped to have a look.

We had him in the machine before he could start to think.

The next client was a man who wanted a stunt flight. Our charge was 15s. for aerobatics. He was so pleased with two loops and a spin that he wanted another loop.

Deciding this would cost another half-crown, I exacted the money in the air before giving him that extra loop.

Coming down, however, I noticed as I flattened out that the ground seemed to slope away more quickly. My passenger, who had a throttle lever in his seat as well, had eased it open as I landed.

Obviously I wasn't going to have room to land. Also, I was too near to the hedge to get over it.

So I switched off the engine and pancaked.

We hit the ground a bang and trickled into the hedge.

Some soldiers came rushing from a neighbouring field to help—with many apt remarks.

Meanwhile Dorothy wondered how to rush to the rescue without betraying our plight to that "vast" crowd of one or two adults and a handful of boys.

Denying that anything unusual had occurred, she strolled towards the brow of the hill that hid the ditched machine.

Once over the brow she sprinted like a hare to our help.

But her guile was wasted. A nasty little boy announced to that all-believing crowd: "Come on. It's gorn into the 'edge."

★ ★ ★

Apart from a few loose wires no damage was done.

I took off again and did a few stunts to teach the people with silver in their pockets that all was well.

But after half an hour's slow trade the rain came down. We decided to finish for the day.

We had just four pounds. And as that represented the first money we had ever earned by flying, we felt quite disproportionately elated.

Still it was a start. That's how we looked at it. There was money in joy-riding, and we could earn it.

First, however, I made a few cross-country flights to improve my navigation.

I got lost again, somewhere in Essex. Yes, I got lost once more!

I came down to ask two yokels where I was.

"Dunno," they said.

"Do you ever receive any letters?" I asked. "Where are they addressed?"

"Clapham," they replied.

Now I couldn't tolerate that. I knew I wasn't in Clapham. I told them so with some asperity.

"No one said you was," they replied. "We're on our 'oliday."

Now to resume our joy-riding.

Father brought fame and fortune nearer by giving me a two-seater Spartan for my twenty-first birthday. It didn't cost much, but in our eyes it was the finest craft ever built.

I'll say one thing about that machine. At least it had a certificate of airworthiness.

Then—to work.

We rented a large field at Wallingford, in Berkshire. A tumble-down farm-shed would house our machine at night and we would sleep in a one-room hut without doors or windows.

We started off in a tent, but the rain that poured in drove us into this comparative shelter.

At that time, I remember, the "Oxford murderer" was at large, which gave us many sleepless nights, especially as the 100-acre wood near by seemed a perfect hide-out for a murderer.

On top of all this there was an asylum for criminally lunatic boys only two miles away.

Can you wonder that a rustle of leaves was enough to set us quaking—especially when we were in our so-called beds keeping warm with the aid of newspapers?

One snag was that our water was kept in a butt 200 yards away. Going to the butt was an adventure not to be undertaken lightly.

We were both of us frightened to go and frightened to stay. Always we expected a grisly murderer to appear.

And looking back, it occurs to me that never once did the idea suggest itself of both going for water and so keeping together.

Our first day's work at Wallingford yielded three pounds.

The first person to pass was a country lad. We fairly set on him, extracted half-a-crown and bundled him into the machine.

After this effort we went up every fifteen minutes—although lacking passengers—to suggest to the world at large that we were doing excellent business.

We certainly felt the pinch in those early months. Money had to be saved by hook or by crook.

★ ★ ★

The moment really did arrive when we had nothing to eat. We sat in our shack and took stock of the situation.

Fortunately for me, Dorothy is an excellent cook.

And not only can she cook, but she seems able to conjure food from nowhere.

I shall never forget the kedgeree she produced from some scraps, a haddock and some rice when things looked really bad.

We had to eat it from the large wash-basin in which it was cooked, making our forks meet in the dish.

With Wallingford as headquarters, we had little excursions to other places to give joy-rides.

Once we went to Cowes, took eight pounds in a day—the most to date!—and came back feeling like old hands.

Then we visited Didcot, where we were approached by gipsies who had been making rather free with liquid refreshment, and whom we agreed to take up at fixed rates.

All were moderately well behaved except one, who tried to climb out of the cock-pit on to the wing!

A smart rap on the head with a hefty spanner was enough. He subsided into his seat.

Then one day in that first summer we

(Continued on page 28)

I like 'Mansion'

it's a wonderful help with the Spring Cleaning

During the Spring cleaning the floors in millions of homes will be polished with "Mansion" the quicker and easier way to a brilliant finish.

MANSION WAX POLISH

for Floors, furniture & linoleum

In tins 3d. 6d. and larger sizes

MP/AW/67

★THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR eyes

It's all in this 'real life story'—28 pp. full of interesting clues to the everyday adventures of your eyes. If you value good sight read this book.

★ "The Only Pair of Eyes in the World" tells you all the things you ought to know about your eyes. Write for free copy to The Optical Board of Publicity, 12 Cork Street, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Or ask your optician.

FREE

In the SPRING you need a GOOD TONIC

MILLIONS RELY ON HALL'S WINE

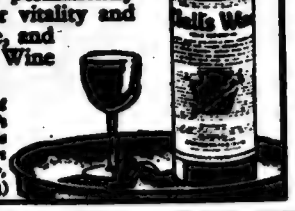
Doctors advise it

Just when your reserves of strength are almost run out, longer days and greater activity put an extra strain on your system. This is the time when you especially need Hall's Wine. Lassitude, tiredness, that dreadful run-down feeling and the terrible weakness left by illness vanish like magic, dispelled by the swift and powerful action of this famous tonic restorative.

Why it must be HALL'S WINE

Your very first wineglassful of Hall's Wine sends a glow of renewed vitality and hope through you; you actually feel the strength flowing back into your weakened body. Hall's Wine goes straight to the cause of your trouble, revitalizes and enriches your blood, and sends a strong tide of new life to every part of your system.

Your vital forces are strengthened, your nerves fed back to steadiness, your organs of digestion and respiration are toned up. In fact, you feel and are a stronger, happier person than you have ever been before. Only Hall's Wine acts in this marvellous way. For only Hall's Wine contains certain tonic medicaments, combined in a special way with rich, red wine so that the system easily absorbs every drop of goodness.



Hall's Wine is the one tonic-restorative that quickly and permanently gives you back all your vitality and strength. Get a bottle, and start a course of Hall's Wine today.

From Wine Merchants and Grocers and Chemists with wine licences. Large bottle 5/6, smaller size 3/2. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (14)

Some Unsolicited Testimonials of HALL'S WINE

"For some time my wife has been completely run down . . . on Monday I purchased a bottle of Hall's Wine. Tuesday she felt and looked considerably better and now, Friday, she is back to her old self." Mr. A.H.

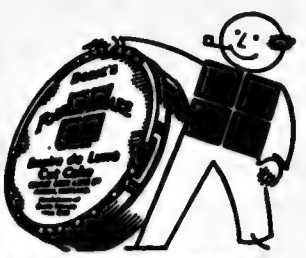
"I must say what a benefit I derived from Hall's Wine. I have a very large practice of district midwifery and of course that entails a great deal of strain and I was beginning to feel just fagged. After taking Hall's Wine I certainly feel much better and have far more energy." Nurse E.H.

You can see originals of these, and thousands of similar letters on our files.

"Confound it, Friday, I've just remembered that I left an unopened tin of Four Square on the mantelpiece at home."

"Never mind, Mr. Crusoe, it is Vacuum Packed, so it will be just as fresh and flavoursome when you get back . . . if you ever do get back!"

EVEN THE 1-OZ. IS VACUUM PACKED—as well as the 2-oz. and 4-oz.—in an air-proof tin that preserves Four Square's freshness and flavour from factory to pipe. A handy tin, too, with a lid that stays put in your pocket. Good tobacco deserves a good packing—and Four Square gets it!



FOUR SQUARE

VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS

Empire Mixture (Green Squares) } 10½d.
Curlies (Purple Squares) ... }
Original Mixture (Blue Squares) 1/2½d.

Cut Cake (Yellow Squares) ... } 11d.
Ripe Brown (Brown Squares) ... }
Matured Virginia (Red Squares) 1/3d.

All blends are Medium Strength.

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Standard Size :— ... 20 FOR 1/- Large Size :— ... 20 FOR 1/2d.
Guaranteed to contain no Empire Tobacco. Made from Pure Virginia Leaf only.

SAMPLE of all six tobaccos (1 oz. net) 1/-, from most tobacconists or in case of difficulty write George Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland, enclosing P.O. for 1/-.

Basil Butler

It's good

If you see it advertised in "John Bull"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

2/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "PLAZATOR" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrome Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £4:19:6 or 2/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:11:6 Terms 3/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles' & Tandems. Bandsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

5/6 now

BLOOD TROUBLES, ABSCESSES, BOILS

Wonderful tributes are received daily for benefits derived from Vitadatio, the Famous Herbal Remedy. Mrs. Walton, Mowbray, Rochdale, writes:—

"For four years I had one Abscess after another. I had four operations, the last being on the Spine, which discharged 18 months. I tried Vitadatio and after two bottles felt my back easier, so persevered with it. I have now been working two years and keeping fit." Vitadatio is invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Troubles. If you are a sufferer—do not give up hope—Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post (6d. extra in U.K.) From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK.** (12)

A Super Bargain for Housewives

—that does away with cleaning slavery!

Send for Free Illustrated Booklet - - - - NOW!

SAY good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind a dustpan and brush! Abolish the old-fashioned methods of carpet-sweeping and replace with an effortless thorough cleaning Hoover. The cost is not a problem at all—only a small sum down and a Hoover is yours at once to get out all the dirt and prolong the life of carpets, etc., while small monthly payments complete the purchase. Send at once for a special free booklet, giving details of all Hoover Cleaners. Write, mentioning "John Bull," to Hoover Ltd. (Dept. X6), Perivale, Greenford, Middx., or, better still, fill in the coupon in the special announcement on page 25.

CROSSWORD No. 103.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 26 is presented the 163rd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, LL.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, April 21, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending postcard to Bulletin Dept., 93, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Easter....

Travel

LONDON

COASTAL

AT LESS THAN

A PENNY A MILE!

DAILY SERVICES COVER GT. BRITAIN COACHES & COMBINES FOR PRIVATE HIRE INCLUSIVE TOURS AT HOME & ABROAD

OVER 400 CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS

FROM VICTORIA COACH STATION WITH INTERMEDIATE BOARDING POINTS

FULL PARTICULARS OBTAINABLE FROM ANY L.C.C.W.

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SEASIDE GUIDE (132 LINES) AT ANY TRAVEL OFFICE OR AGENT

All the better for a bath with a

Reckitt's Bath Cube

MADE BY RECKITT & SONS, LTD., HULL & LONDON

The cost of a new durable weathertight roof for any small building

is only the cost of a roll of

PLUVEX

Standard 5/6. Heavy 7/6

108 sq. ft. in every roll

Of Ironmongers and Builders' Merchants. Send coupon for interesting FREE Booklet "How to make a sound job of a small roof" and samples of PLUVEX.

PLUVEX ROOF FELT

To The Ruberoid Co., Ltd.,
129 Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, WC1
Please send me samples of Pluvex and also a copy of your FREE Book which tells me how I can roof any small building, at little cost.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Crooks Hired Our Air-Taxi

(Continued from page 26)

were asked to fly two men over to France. They had turned up quite unexpectedly and dazed us with the notes they brandished.

They had one stipulation. The journey across Channel must begin at once. A very dear relative was dying, and it would be wicked to waste a moment.

All was ready and the engine running when two other men appeared in a closed car.

Tapping our two customers on the shoulder in a very significant fashion, they marched them off.

And that wad of notes went off, too, with those two private detectives. . .

Up to now, as you will have gathered, we were very occupied with the joys of our existence. After all, we were only 21.

★ ★ ★

It was all such jolly good fun.

But things began to happen that made us realise it was something more than a rag.

Passengers got scarcer. Food, too. Sometimes it was all we could do to pay for our petrol.

We could have got help from home, but that was the last thing we wanted to do.

Our respective parents had prophesied disaster, and we were determined not to prove them right.

Anyhow, their help would not be financial.

It would be: "Come home and stop wasting your time and money."

I remember we had some tins of soup which we had hoarded a long time. They went to pay the milk bill.

The poor farmer was loath to resort to barter.

We impressed on him how pleased his wife would be when he returned home with the tins.

And so he let us off what we owed.

A good friend who was an ironmonger let us have some rabbit snares to ease the food situation, but we just couldn't snare anything.

We resorted to shooting with dummy guns that fire blank cartridges only and which we kept as burglar alarms.

One went off unexpectedly, blowing a small hole in the base of Dorothy's third finger, and robbing me for a time of both engineer and cook.

But there was one bright ray. We got our first taxi passenger.

We seem to have some magnetic influence on evil-doers, for he was one.

He wanted to be flown to Gloucester on business. We charged him a nice fat sum.

A month or so later he was convicted of embezzlement.

In that there was another black mark for us at home, for the newspapers gave details of the trip in connection with the trial.

That trip gave us confidence, however. We felt we were quite capable of taking on any taxi or charter work.

And all the time, the consciousness of our responsibility and our obligations to our passengers kept growing.

One thing happened that brought home to us very vividly the need for greater seriousness.

We had got the machine out of the barn in the morning, opened the wings and entirely forgotten to put in the top locking-bolts.

I was doing a stall turn at a reasonable height when I noticed the two locking-bolts hanging out and realised that the wings were only being held by the two lower bolts.

It made us think.

It made us realise that aeroplanes are not play-things.

We held a council of war.

We would take things more seriously. We would learn all about our respective jobs.

We would become really proficient, although it might take years.

Little did we realise what was ahead of us!

A smart rap on the head was enough! He subsided into his seat!

Next Week:

WE JOIN AN AIR CIRCUS

Special Pools Service

(by "Poolex")

IN my post-bag last week was a letter from a Manchester reader.

After suggesting a method for the 3-draws pool, he finished with: "Have you noticed anything funny about the results this season?"

I promptly got out my records.

Comparing the homes, draws and aways in the Saturday results this season with the summaries for previous seasons brings some very interesting facts to light.

* * *

I have taken the Saturday games only, because those are the ones which affect the pools.

The following table shows the proportions of 1's, x's and 2's which have occurred in these games from 1934-35 onwards.

As the number of Saturday matches is not the same each season, the figures have been reduced to a percentage basis, so that they can be fairly compared.

Percentage Analysis of Homes, Draws and Aways in Saturday Matches.

Season.	Div. I.			Div. II.		
	1	x	2	1	x	2
1934-35	54	25	21	59	20	21
1935-36	57	23	20	57	23	20
1936-37	57	25	18	53	23	24
1937-38 (to date).	49	28	23	57	24	19

Div. III. (S.).			Div. III. (N.).			Scot. I.		
1	x	2	1	x	2	1	x	2
61	20	19	58	21	21	50	21	29
56	21	23	62	22	16	54	20	26
58	22	20	57	24	19	56	19	25
57	25	18	55	25	20	50	27	23

The most obvious point shown up by this table is the all-round increase in the proportion of drawn games.

Each league shows an increase, and as my correspondent had been writing about the draws pool, I think I have spotted the point he had in mind.

Some of you will not agree, but I consider that this points to a probable scarcity of draws in the remaining six weeks of the season.

The other striking fact is the low proportion of home wins, particularly in the First Division. Sixty-four Saturday games remain in the fixture list for this division, and to reach even the lowest percentage previously recorded, forty-eight of these would have to be home wins.

I base these observations on a well-known theory, which is generally called the "Law of Averages."

So far as it concerns us at the moment, this means that, over a period, the make-up of results is not likely to differ greatly from past averages.

The above table, in which the biggest variation between complete seasons is only 6 per cent., shows how well this theory is supported in practice.

Actually, I shall be surprised if as many as 75 per cent. of the remaining First Division games result as home wins, but I do expect an increase in the proportion so far recorded. There is another indication of a probable increase.

* * *

Realising that relegation problems may well affect the make-up of results at this time in the season, I made a further analysis of the last six weeks' matches in previous seasons.

Although the percentage of home wins for 1935-36 and 1936-37 was 57 in Division I, I found that the last six weeks in these years produced 64 and 60 per cent. respectively.

Similar increases in home wins are recorded in both sections of the Third Division towards the end of the season. Division II and the Scottish League do not show any increase.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, April 2, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

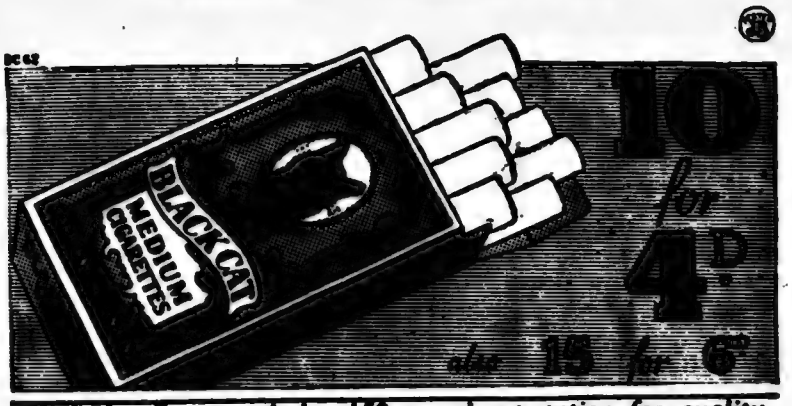
59	Millwall v. Northampton.	23	Swindon v. Cardiff.
58	Hearts v. Rangers.	17	Lincoln v. Southport.
51	Airdrie v. E. Stirling.	16	Bristol C. v. Southend.
50	Bolton v. Leeds.	14	Crystal P. v. Mansfield.
49	Crewe v. Halifax.	13	Kilmarnock v. Hamilton.
48	Southampton v. Burnley.	12	E. Fife v. Dundee.
41	Darlington v. Accrington.	11	Montrose v. Dunfermline.
40	Arsenal v. Charlton.	11	Brechin v. Leith A.
33	N. Brighton v. Rochdale.	10	Blackpool v. Preston.
36	King's P. v. Forfar.	10	Fulham v. Notts F.
31	Port Vale v. Carlisle.	17	West Ham v. Tottenham.
30	Wrexham v. York.	16	Wolves v. Birmingham.
29	Plymouth v. Newcastle.	15	Leicester v. Middlesbro.
		11	Queen's P. v. Aberdeen.
		10	Dundee v. Hibernians.
		9	Aston V. v. Man. Un.
		8	Sunderland v. Stoke.
		7	Barrow v. Tranmere.
		6	Everton v. W.B.A.
		5	Norwich v. Stockport.
		4	Swansea v. Barnsley.
		3	Newport v. Clapton O.
		2	Hull v. Doncaster.
		1	Reading v. Bristol R.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Morton v. Queen of S.	3	Partick v. St. Mirren.	17	Huddersfield v. Liverpool.	36
Cowdenbeath v. Stenhouse.	4	Clyde v. Arbroath.	13	St. J'stone v. Third Lan.	34
Derby v. Portsmouth.	5	Aldershot v. Walsall.	19	Brentford v. Grimsby.	35
Gateshead v. Rotherham.	6	Hartlepools v. Bradford C.	20	Falkirk v. Celtic.	37
Manchester C. v. Chelsea.	11	Motherwell v. Ayr.	21	Bradford v. Sheffield U.	40
Blackburn v. Bury.	12	Chesterfield v. Luton.	23	Gillingham v. Brighton.	41
Exeter v. Bournemouth.	13	Notts C. v. Torquay.	23	Sheffield W. v. Coventry.	63
Alloa A. v. Raith R.	28	Watford v. Q.P.R.	23		

YOU'RE IN LUCK'S WAY IF YOU CHANGE TO BLACK CAT

MEDIUM CIGARETTES

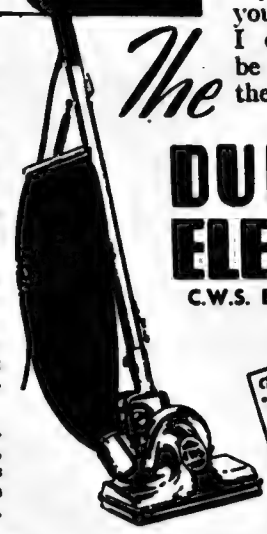


Made by Carreras Ltd. 150 years' reputation for quality.

One woman tells another

Says Mrs. A! "Thanks to you putting me on to the Dudley Electric Vac., five minutes will see me ready, dear. Nowadays the work is done in half the time. I can get out to do my shopping hours earlier and with the nicer weather that's a real blessing."

Says Mrs. B! "I knew you'd find it a great help. I do too—or I shouldn't be sitting here so early in the day."



The DUDLEY-ELECTRIC 3

C.W.S. Electrical Products.

● POPULAR Model (illustrated alongside), the only exterior bag-type of the 3 Dudley-Electric Vacuum Cleaners, has a motor-driven revolving brush especially for carpet cleaning. The body-work is of cast aluminium, light but sturdy.

Always ready for work, it costs £8.8.0.

(Accessories £2.2.0 extra.)

● SUPER (horizontal) Model. A de-luxe cleaner with unusually powerful suction, rubber-cushioned motor, shock-proof, vibrationless. Full set of dusting tools, all complete in limed-oak-finished cabinet. £10.10.0.

● JUNIOR (horizontal) Model. A smaller edition of the above, also complete with dusting tools and accessories and complete in handsome wood case. £6.19.6.

FREE

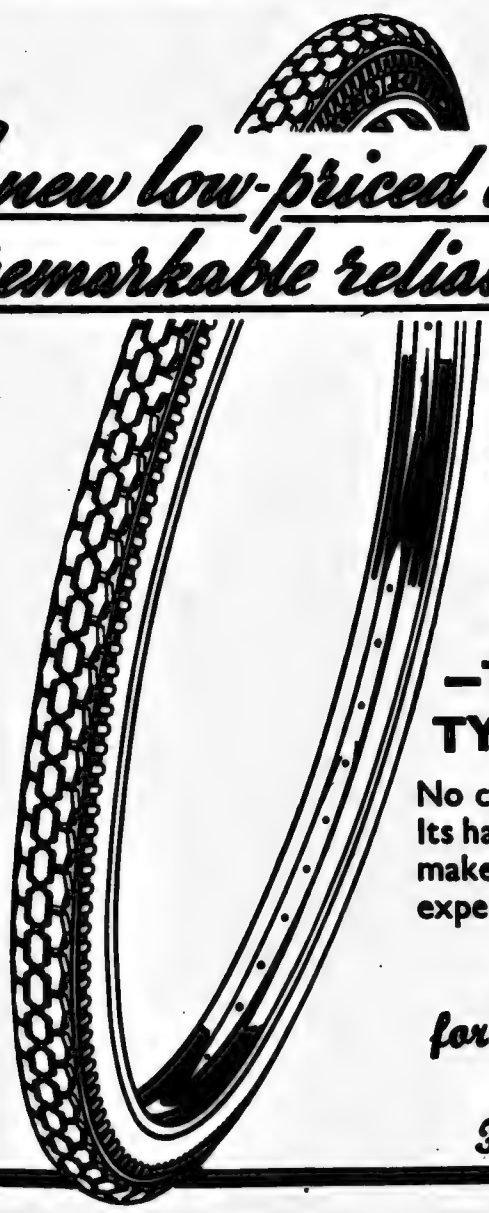
POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

To: The C.W.S. National Works, Dept. E3, Dudley, Worcs.
Please send me post free illustrated Brochure of the Dudley Electric 3.

Name .....

Address .....

A new low-priced cycle tyre of remarkable reliability!



1938 DUNLOP 50 YEARS OF GROWTH

DUNLOP "JUBILEE"

—THE RESULT OF 50 YEARS OF UNIQUE TYRE MANUFACTURING EXPERIENCE

No cycle tyre at its price can compare with the new Dunlop "Jubilee". Its hard-wearing tread, its reliability of construction and its fine performance make it a tyre truly worthy of Dunlop's 50 years of tyre-manufacturing experience.

In four sizes: 26" x 1¾", red or black. 26" x 1⅜", 26" x 1½", 28" x 1¾", black only.

Cycle for Health and Fitness

COVER 3'9 TUBE 1/6

C.F.H.

SH/312

Ex-Convict Doctor Dupes Cripples

OUTSIDE No. 11, Richmond Place, Brighton, is a plate bearing the name "Francis D. Deacon," followed by an imposing array of letters purporting to represent degrees held by this man.

There is a similar plate fixed outside No. 8, Cambridge Road, Worthing.

These plates announce his daily hours of consultation, and during those hours people are driven up to these addresses, either in cars or in ambulances.

Ill-health and obscure diseases have driven them to seek the help of the "man with healing hands" and "the miracle man."

Pathetic indeed is the faith, but more pathetic is the ease with which they are induced to part with money to settle the exorbitant fees demanded by this man, who claims to be possessed of almost divine powers of healing.

Although he may indeed achieve beneficial results in some cases, we are distressed by the number of complaints that have come to our knowledge concerning his activities.

He claims, on his plates, to be a Doctor of Bio-Psychology, a B.S.O., a B.P.D., an osteopathic practitioner and a chiropractor.

Imposing descriptions, all of them, designed to deliberately mislead the unwary, but nearly all of them are worthless.

Ridiculing the methods of the qualified practitioner, Deacon declares he has performed hundreds of remarkable "cures."

He claims that patients who have not walked for years, sufferers who have been bedridden almost for a life-time, and others who despaired of being healed, have found relief as a result of his treatment. If his claims to "cures" are staggering, his fees are equally staggering.

"Doctor" Deacon, who treats incurable cases with amazing confidence and self-assurance

In the documents we have before us is quoted the case of an elderly woman who lives just outside Worthing.

For two or three months, almost daily, this woman, suffering from serious spinal trouble, was taken by ambulance to his surgery in Cambridge Road, Worthing.

This woman had such faith in Deacon that she persevered with his treatment, and even went so far as to raise a mortgage on her house to pay his fees!

One man, however, despite Deacon's bullying, has refused to part with a penny.

Let us take the case of a patient at Nutley, Sussex. This patient had been attending Deacon's surgery for some time when her husband received a demand from Deacon for fees amounting to between £20 and £30.

Fortunately, the husband happened to mention the bill to a friend who knew much about Deacon. The friend promptly told him what he knew about the "healer"—and it was a great deal.

Result was that the husband wrote to Deacon and told him that he would not pay.

Deacon promptly replied by taking proceedings, but the husband did not budge from his attitude. Indeed, he welcomed the opportunity to show Deacon up in court.

He never had this opportunity. When the case was called, Deacon did not appear.

Deacon advertises freely, and some of his advertisements, in which he claims astonishing healing powers, are illustrated with photographs of him treating a patient, assisted by a nurse.

Clever showmanship! And he carries that showmanship further.

At his Brighton premises patients are received by a woman in nurse's uniform, in a well-furnished waiting-room.

Then, with great ceremony, they are taken through a hall and conservatory into another equally well-appointed room where the "miracle" cures are alleged to take place.

Let us further unmask this plausible quack.

It is presumed that the letters B.S.O. after his name mean that he is a graduate of the British School of Osteopathy.

The Registrar of this school states that though Deacon was at one time a student of the school, he attended only part of the course, never completing it.

"Therefore," adds the Registrar, "he is not a graduate, nor does he hold the Diploma of this institution. The period of time spent here certainly did not equip him sufficiently for practice."

Now about this intriguing title "Doctor of Bio-Psychology"!

Professor F. Aveling, Professor of Psychology of the University of London, King's College, replying to a reader who doubted Deacon's right to the title, wrote that the University had "never heard of any degree in Bio-Psychology being conferred at this or any other University or reputable institution."

The question of Deacon's title of "Doctor of Bio-Psychology" was even pursued to America.

Mr. Charles A. Ford, chairman of the Temple University, Philadelphia, wrote that he "was quite at a loss to know what it is."

He added that a search through all the standard works of reference in the United States shows no such degree has ever been given by an American university.

So much for Deacon's claims to degrees.

It would be interesting to know what explanation he can give in face of these official statements and denials.

What is he really? He is a man with a terrible criminal record.

He has been repeatedly in and out of jail during the past thirty years for fraud and occasionally for larceny.

He has served two terms of three years' penal servitude and two terms of five years' penal servitude.

In another prosecution, undertaken at the instance of the Medical Defence Union, Deacon was fined £20 and ordered to pay £10 costs for "wilfully and falsely using the title of doctor."

This prosecution was undertaken at Brighton in March, 1936, yet this man is still practising as an osteopath in Brighton, has since extended his operations to Worthing, and, we are reliably informed, contemplates opening even a third "surgery" in this area.

Surely it is time that the law was amended to distinguish the genuine and qualified osteopath from such impostors as Deacon.

His activities are a public menace.

"AN accumulation of wind caused me to roll in agony for 30 hours," writes Mr. R. H. W., of W. Burton. "I was so ill that my doctor had to be sent for. The pain eased a little, but then came on again more violently. Well, I managed to get some 'Bisurated' Magnesia and got wonderful relief. I've had no trouble since." Thousands of former sufferers have shared this Burton man's experience. *One dose* of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will always relieve the agony of wind and gastric disorder. The moment it reaches the stomach, 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises all burning, ulcerating, gas-forming acid. Pain stops like magic; inflammation is healed, wind dispelled, and healthy digestion soon restored. Doctors everywhere use and prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia for the stomach. Get a bottle to-day.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6. Tablets, 6d. 1/3 & 2/6.

Mother knew best!

"YOU'RE wrong, mother!"

"I'm not!" . . .

"All right, go your own way!"

Every week widowed Mrs. F. Trenerry, of Basilon Road, Bexley-heath, and her four grown-up children have had arguments like this over the best answer for some particular clue in JOHN BULL'S Common-sense Crossword.

Mrs. Trenerry stood by her own decisions. The family stood by theirs.

Result — this alert, sixty-eight year-old competitor stood alone at the top of our 97th prize-list, with an entry submitted in her maiden name, Baker.

Her reward for becoming the 90th outright winner of a JOHN BULL Crossword was a splendid Pension-plus-Cash award of £750.

She chose the last.

"I was delighted to receive your telegram of congratulations," she told a JOHN BULL representative.

"We have not yet decided what to do with my prize-money, but it will certainly come in very useful.

"What a time we'll have when I take the family to Broadstairs for our summer holiday this year! With my dress-making, gardening and crosswords, I've never been at a loss for a hobby.

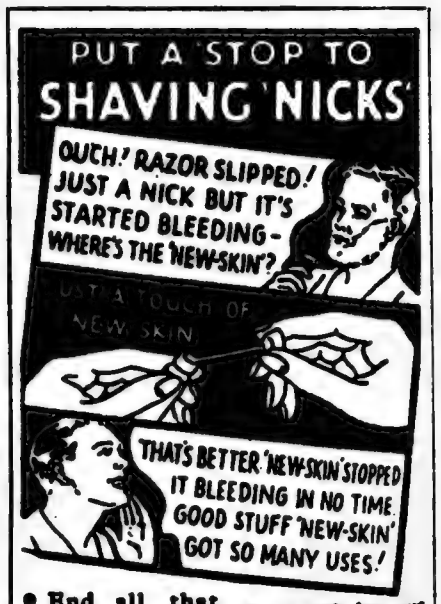
"I've entered regularly and, though I've never won before, I always felt quite confident I'd win a big prize sooner or later."

If you have half an hour to spare and Mrs. Trenerry's will to win, this week's JOHN BULL provides two big opportunities to turn them to good advantage.

On page 36 you have a big Pension First Prize for an entertaining Crossword. On page 39 you have *Bullets* colossal one-week House-plus-Fortune Award for two, three or four words.

* * *

Enter for both and Thursday, April 14, or Friday, April 22, may bring you a First Prize Joy Wire!


PUT A STOP TO
SHAVING 'NICKS'
OUCH! RAZOR SLIPPED! JUST A NICK BUT IT'S STARTED BLEEDING - WHERE'S THE 'NEW-SKIN'?
JUST A TOUCH OF NEW SKIN
THAT'S BETTER 'NEW-SKIN' STOPPED IT BLEEDING IN NO TIME. GOOD STUFF 'NEW-SKIN' GOT SO MANY USES!

● End all that annoyance and delay. A quick touch of 'New-Skin' covers the cut with an *invisible* coating that's waterproof and antiseptic. Always use 'New-Skin' for any minor skin injury. *For Chilblains, Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands, Cuts, Burns, Blisters etc. For Corns and Hangnails.*

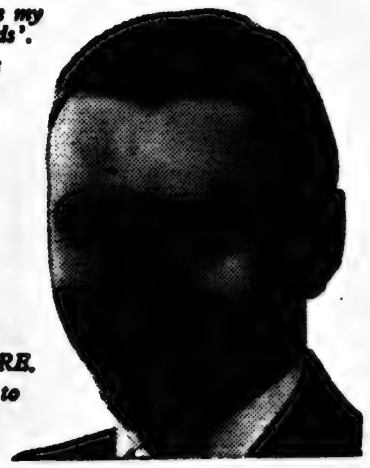
Buy a bottle from your chemist today. The bigger bottle contains twice the quantity.

there's nothing like—

NEW-SKIN

GRAND ANTISEPTIC WATERPROOF COATING

Nervy, dejected irritable—but already MUCH BETTER after one tin of IRON "JELLOIDS"



"Dear Sirs—It gives me great pleasure to write my appreciation of the wonderful effect of Iron 'Jelloids'.

I have had a considerable amount of business worry of late and have been feeling DEJECTED, NERVY AND IRRITABLE, in fact I was told I was on the verge of a NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

However, on recommendation of Iron 'Jelloids' I purchased a tin and am delighted with the results. ALREADY I FEEL VERY MUCH BETTER—can rest at night and feel much more my usual self, without any trace of the previous irritability and nervousness, etc.

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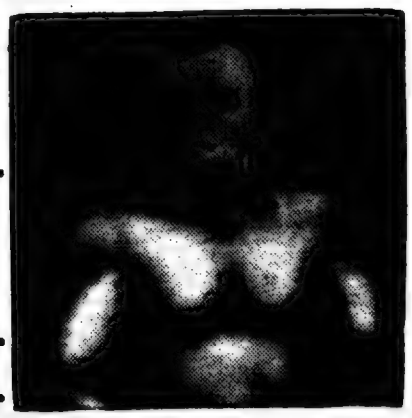

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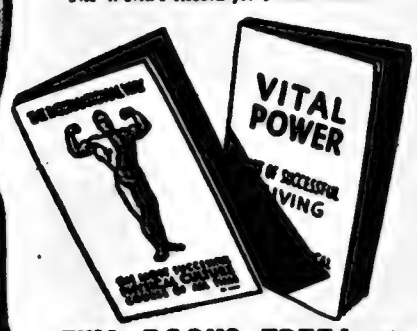

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NEW!
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4/38

BLACKMAIL

(Continued from page 19)

been wangled. To make an alibi, see!"

"Go on!"

"I didn't think much about it till I remembered something only to-day. That clock was all right the whole afternoon, striking, and so on.

"But in the evening it'd stopped striking. I had a look at it, and the striking business had been bust up—deliberately.

"'Why?' I asked myself. 'Perhaps because it would have given away that the clock had been monkeyed with.'

"'Who could have bust it?' I ask. 'Why, the person who was alone in there after everyone had gone.'

"And as that was the very person the detectives had suspected, seems to me they'd be interested—eh, Mr. Derwent?"

His voice ran suddenly into a pleading, mocking whine:

"Now, sir, I'm out of a job. Nobody wants a valet with my history. You know I've done a stretch before Mr. Sevilla took me on.

"And people think I had something to do with the murder. I'd like to make a fresh start in, say, Australia. But it'd take quite a bit of money. . . ."

"Blackmail, eh?" Colin's voice cut in like a whip. "You can go to hell . . ."

Betty, white-faced and unhappy, pulled him aside.

"Colin," she whispered urgently, "can't you offer him a hundred pounds?"

"No; we'll never be free of him then. I don't care if he goes to Scotland Yard this minute. At least"—and his face suddenly hardened—"it'll settle the infernal business one way or the other."

"Come on," interrupted Hunter, more insolently. "What about it?"

Colin drew a deep breath. He must face it out. "No," he said evenly.

Sudden fury leapt in Hunter's brain. "You damn well come across," he snarled, "or I'll . . ."

Colin merely turned on his heel, and Betty pulled at his arm in terror.

"That's right," cried Hunter to her, wildly. "Better make him do it. You know all about it, too, don't you?"

Colin's fist lashed out. Hunter, his eyes blazing, returned the blow, and they grappled.

Next moment a constable was separating them, asking questions.

"I think," said Colin, deliberately, though his face was drawn and haggard, "we'd better go and see Inspector Pember at the Yard about this. It'll interest him."

* * *

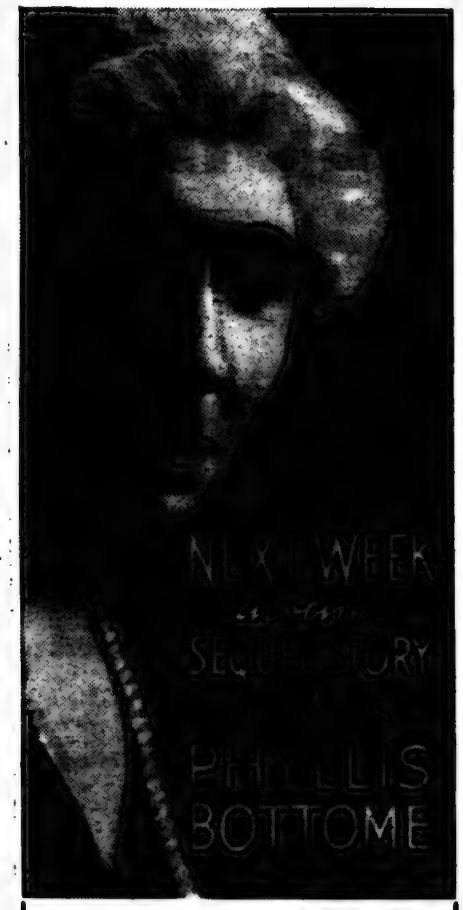
Detective-Inspector Pember, short and stocky, sat in a chair facing the others.

On the desk in front of him lay the ominous file which contained all the details of Sevilla's murder.

Against the mantelpiece lounged Detective-Sergeant Brace, younger and very debonair, for both men had been on the first investigations, though they had then been convinced by Derwent's perfect alibi.

But now . . .

"It's gospel truth, sir," repeated Hunter, with a revengeful glance at Derwent. "Thought I ought to mention it, knowing you two gentlemen had talked about that clock . . ."



Who introduces to you the characters of a great screen play, "Private Worlds."

Miss Bottome has written, by special invitation of "John Bull," a short story of gripping intensity. It tells of the peril in which a young woman found herself within asylum walls.

"Listening at the key-'ole, you mean," snapped Pember.

He was annoyed that this had cropped up after all these months. If only he'd examined that clock mechanism at the time, the striking would have proved the truth. How near he and Brace had been to that truth, and yet . . .

Out loud, he said non-committally: "You got anything to say about this, Mr. Derwent?"

"No." Colin was equally non-committal. Pale but controlled, he met the inspector's gaze.

"The inquest isn't closed. It might be serious, you know."

"You told me all that when you questioned me at the time. I've nothing more to add."

* * *

Quick triumph showed momentarily in Hunter's eyes. Derwent was going to get his.

"M'm! Sergeant Brace! Put Hunter in the room opposite for the moment."

As soon as Brace had returned, Pember, whose shrewd eyes had in the interval missed no movement of either Derwent or the girl, shot out:

"Now, sir! Did you, as Hunter suggests, interfere with the mechanism of the clock after we'd gone?"

Colin hesitated. His big test had come.

"No, he didn't," interrupted Betty suddenly.

"How do you know, miss? You were going when we left. Hunter said Mr. Derwent was alone there, while he was in the kitchen."

"Oh, no." Her voice was cool, matter-of-fact. "I stayed on with Colin and left with him."

"Is that true?"

"Do you think I'd lie?" flashed Betty.

"Do you know why all this business has come up?

"Just because Hunter met us and asked for money to go to Australia, because he couldn't get a job here and people suspected him of the murder.

"Colin said he'd give him a hundred pounds—he's still willing to do so—but Hunter tried to get more by lying threats. And then . . ."

"Quite, quite," murmured Pember, taken aback.

"Perhaps," he said wearily, "you'll wait in the next room. Me and Sergeant Brace have got to talk this over."

"She's lying, of course," said Brace when they were alone. "And I believe she lied to us about the striking that afternoon."

With a sudden flash of surprise: "Why, she's known all along."

"I guessed that the moment she came in," retorted Pember scornfully.

Brace grinned. Then his face grew serious again.

"Well, what do we do, sir, now?"

Pember scratched his ear.

* * *

"Listen to me, Fred. I'm going to talk to you, and this ain't for the book, see!

"Here's Sevilla dead. If he'd lived and we'd known what we do now about him, he'd have been in the cooler for life, and only the way our laws are framed saving him from taking the eight o'clock walk. . . ."

"Yes, he deserved what he got."

"Agreed. Now suppose we follow up this clock business, bring in the new evidence like good little 'tecs."

"How can we get anywhere?"

"We can't. All we can do is to start something those two kids are never going to forget—or be allowed to forget."

"It'd wreck their lives. Still, we were fairly positive at that time he did murd——"

"We aren't paid to be positive, we're paid to get evidence that'll convict. Now what are we going to do?"

They looked at each other for a moment, understanding between them. Then Brace shrugged expressively.

"I was afraid you'd look at it like that," sighed Pember.

"Afraid? Do you *want* to bust up that girl's . . .

"Afraid because you're going to make a rotten bad 'tec—*as* a 'tec. As a human being, you'll do. So that's that."

He scratched his ear again. "Now you run along and tell that pair that, of course, we don't believe a word of Hunter's story—and hint that Derwent might let me have that hundred quid and I'll see that Hunter gets it. He's a crook and better out of the country."

He picked up the file. "And as for all we've just heard, we'll . . ."

"We'll be like Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen."

"Copenhagen? It was the Battle of Trafalgar where Nelson was. Didn't old Trenchard teach you history?"

Alone, Pember tossed the file into a drawer.

All unsolved murder files in Scotland Yard are likely to be reopened at any time, but here was one that Detective-Inspector Pember knew would never be.

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MURDER IN THE 'BUS

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 331,147 Miss I. M. Middleton, 23, Castle Street, Banbury, Oxon.

The girl who sat in my usual seat fell forward screaming. Three other people who were in the act of getting out also collapsed.

Reader's Story *by* I. M. Middleton

I ESCAPED being murdered by inches. The girl who sat in my usual seat in the 'bus was shot dead.

Two other people were also shot dead and a fourth wounded.

A bullet that crashed through the window embedded itself in the wall near my head

But I am going too fast. Let me tell you of the events that led up to this tragedy.

I was working in Banbury, and at week-ends usually went home to my people who lived some distance away.

When you travel regularly you acquire habits. I had a favourite seat in the local 'bus.

If I found this occupied, I was annoyed. But on this fateful night, I felt a strange compulsion not to sit in it.

As the 'bus swayed along the lanes, the passengers were laughing and chatting. Most of them were returning to their village homes after a good time in Banbury.

I sat preoccupied with thoughts of a happy week-end with my people. I thought of things I would tell them, of the local news I might hear, and of the friends I hoped to see.

Yet, intermingling with these thoughts was a sense that there was something wrong.

It perturbed me—gave me that funny feeling in the pit of the stomach you get when you are in danger. Stopping at the Shutford forge—which once was part of a monastery—some passengers stood up ready to alight.

"Good-night; see you Monday."

"So long; have a good time."

"Bye-bye," they called to each other.

Then, out of the darkness, came death!

Two shots rang out.

The girl who sat in my usual seat fell forward, screaming. Three other people who were in the act of getting out also collapsed.

Women screamed—long, piercing screams. Men forced them down on the floor.

★ ★ ★

There was another shot; then silence.

I, too, was huddled on the floor, almost petrified with fear.

Death had missed me by inches, for a bullet had crashed through the glass and buried itself in the wall near my head.

The moans of the dying filled my ears.

Then, to my horror, I saw a stream of blood running towards me—dark-red blood carrying dust—the life-blood of those people who only a few minutes before had been so happy.

I fought back nausea; tried to control my terror.

What was out there in the night? What monster lurked in the shadows of the old forge, ready to massacre us?

These questions raced through my mind.

Death had come so swiftly, so unexpectedly, that time had no meaning for me.

The excitement, terror and mental horror confused my sense of values.

I can't remember all that happened in that 'bus. But I remember the details of that five-mile ride to the hospital.

The driver was making desperate speed, and the wounded were still tossing in agony on the floor.

Then, ting-ting-crash!

What was that? We ducked instinctively. Was the homicidal maniac still following the 'bus, still bent on slaughtering us?

Somebody sighed, "It's only the glass—the broken glass where the shot hit the window."

Time dragged cruelly. Would we never reach the hospital? Would this hellish suspense never end?

I wanted to scream.

At last we reached the hospital. Doctors and nurses examined the victims.

Then they were taken away.

Police had arrived, and we all had to go to the station, where statements were taken. Then we went home.

I shall never forget how thankful I was to see my people again.

The next ordeal was the inquest, and I won't stress the details of this.

★ ★ ★

It is enough to say that Wilfred Sidney Gibbs, the man who fired at the 'bus, was seized with a fit of jealousy and, as part of his plan to revenge himself on his wife, Hilda, hid in the old forge.

Through a hole in the wall he fired at her.

The other victims were Ivy Goode, twenty-one-year-old sister of Mrs. Gibbs, and Mr. Joseph Messenger, of Epwell.

Wilfred Gibbs committed suicide.

Mr. Messenger's brother was also in the 'bus.

He was wounded in both legs by stray bullets.

It was ironical that the Messenger brothers were in the 'bus at all, for they had intended to cycle home, but had stayed at a fête rather later than they had anticipated.

I shall never forget the horror of that night of death.

LORD LONSDALE says: "this book will prove of the greatest possible value to those who follow the Turf."

HOW to BEAT the BOOK

A long Article on "How to Beat the Book" is one of the striking features of

"THE RACEGOER'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA & DIARY" (5/- 320 PAGES)

with Foreword by LORD LONSDALE

This beautifully bound Book is FREE to all New Clients

Start the "Flat" Season with the convenience and privacy of A CREDIT ACCOUNT with

DAVID COPE Ltd.

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NO LIMIT

Win and Place, for Single Events, First and Second Favourites, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Jockeys' mounts; and No Limit to the amount that may be won on any race or on any day.

Credit Accounts opened for any amount

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account, and reserve for me a FREE copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopaedia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

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J.B. 2/4/38

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Suggested Weekly Credit £ _____

DAVID COPE

Race with "Silver Ring"

OUR GOOD START

THE Code has been given a fillip by two recent big winners—Bimco, in the Imperial Cup at Sandown, and Phakos, the "Lincolnshire" winner at 8 to 1.

Reflection on some of the runners behind Phakos may prove profitable for the future.

Zaimis, ridden by Gethin, ran a really good race. Actually, he did not have much room at the vital spot, and his trainer considers he was somewhat unlucky. I am disposed to agree with this, and have marked Zaimis as one to be on in the near future.

Squadron Castle, not more than a length from the placed horses, ran pretty well. This five-year-old of Mrs. Ahern's will yet have his day.

* * *

Ticca Gari, owned by the young Duchess of Norfolk, was fifth. The French-bred four-year-old should be also a winner soon. He was certainly an attractive long-shot for the race at 40 to 1. Marshall, his jockey, had full confidence in his mount, but the hard ground put paid to his chance.

Of the others there is little to be said, except that Galsonia will do better when the extra little bit of luck is with him. Fairplay, trained by P. Allden, did us a good turn last season when he won the Victoria Cup. Later he captured the Royal Hunt Cup and turned out to be one of the most improved horses in training.

* * *

This five-year-old is my selection for the Newbury Spring Cup, in spite of the fact that the race is very often a consolation prize for a "Lincolnshire" failure. I make Artist's Prince the danger.

Code selections for the National Hunt season showed a profit, on a level stake, of 7½ points.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, March 31, to Wednesday, April 6.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below the line as the case may be. Example: IL6SMEC5L would read BRAEMAR.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. EX2PU would read MOODY.

STOMACH TROUBLES BANISHED

QUICKLY—SURELY—NATURALLY

Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists everywhere.

RHEUMATISM

"Savage Enemy of the Human Race"

"A savage enemy of the human race" is now a leading Consultant recently described Rheumatism.

Think over those words. They reveal what a serious view of the malady this great authority takes. For Rheumatism isn't only a matter of drawn-out torture, terrible though that is. One must also bear in mind how insidiously it grips and undermines the system, how often it leads to the invalid's chair.

But there is one powerful means of routing the savage enemy—never mind how long or firmly it is entrenched! This is a Spa treatment with Fynnon Salt in your own home. In Fynnon Salt—Sodium, Potassium and the elements of Lithium, the self-same minerals found in expensive Spas, clear the Uric Acid from joints and muscles and, by revitalising liver and kidneys, make you thoroughly fit and active again. That may be hard to believe: but try it! Fynnon Salt has done this for tens of thousands! Take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water every morning all the year round and you'll never be troubled by Rheumatism again. Large tins, 1/3.

'LIVE' Yeast is LIFE....

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to men and women of all ages and increases the JOY OF LIFE. ...PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, purifies the system and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES, NEURITIS and BOILS.

...50 Tablets 1/3...

Family Size 3/- . . Vest Pocket Size 6d.

Perfectly Safe . . . . . Not habit-forming

From all Chemists. Make no mistake—Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING...

Phillips TONIC YEAST is LIFE ITSELF!

IS ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY CLEAN?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

No brush can reach here
You can't be too careful about this hidden bend. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.
HARPIC

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Kill Kidney Germs Restore Your Health

There is nothing that can make you feel older, more run-down or despairing of life than Kidney and Bladder Trouble, which is now known to be caused by Germs developed in your body during Colds, or from Bad Teeth or Tonsils, or during other infectious or bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicines can't help much because they do not fight the true cause of your trouble and get rid of the health-destroying germs. Germs in Kidneys and Urinary System cause you to suffer from one or more of the following dangerous and vitality destroying symptoms: Getting up Nights, Burning, Itching Passages, Uric Acid, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under Eyes, Dry, Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy and Appetite, etc.

Help Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers from these terrible troubles, there is now no need to suffer bad health or take dangerous drugs. Chemists are now able to supply the new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex fights and removes the underlying cause of your trouble in these 3 ways: 1. It kills and removes germs from the Kidneys and Urinary System; 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain; 3. It acts as a mild, gentle tonic to the kidneys and helps them remove Uric Acid and other poisonous wastes from the blood.

Feel 10 Years Younger

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have already benefited from Cystex. Many of them cannot praise it highly enough. For instance, Mr. B. M. recently wrote: "For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from backaches, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism and a thoroughly run-down condition. My appetite was gone. I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man. I learned of Cystex and, although sceptical, decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy that would restore me to health. After a 24-day treatment my health and vigour were completely restored. I could eat anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

8-day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to a thorough test. Simply get Cystex from your Chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy you in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that the complete twin-tablet treatment can do for you. The guarantee protects you.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for the Graves Display of attractive Fashions showing the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at keenest money-saving prices, on the fairest Terms ever made.

NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS

3/- Monthly

St. Malo

A Fashionable Travel Coat in double-breasted Raglan style, carefully tailored in a lovely All Wool Cloth, and tastefully designed with a snugly-fitting collar & bold revers, vertical welted pockets, & roomy sleeves with overlaid seams and button-and-strap trimmed cuffs. The back also has an overlaid centre seam which finishes in a deep button-fastening vent, and there is an all-round self-material belt, neatly machine stitched and finished with an ornoid slide. The garment is well lined with good quality Art. Silk Twill to tone, and is available in Camel, Gipsy Green, & New Dark Rust. Sizes: 32 S.W. to O.S. (Busts: 32 to 50in); Lengths: 46 to 60 Inches. Price 21/- Terms: 2/- monthly

PATTERNS POST FREE.

Write for full range of actual cloth Patterns of Newest Models; Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Underwear &c., in the latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment required, with self-measurement form and full particulars. Sent per return Post Free. Styles & Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maids' and Girls' Fashions & we offer excellent value in Furs, Maternity Clothing, Footwear, Layette specialities, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Dark-brown BLONDES ... why be Blind!

You Can Now Wash Darkened Fair Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter—Bring Back its True Golden Beauty!

NEW VITAMIN "F" STA-BLOND

PREVENTS BRITTLENESS. STOPS DANDRUFF

You cannot shut your eyes to the fact that natural true blondes are most fascinating to both men and women. It's their fair hair that makes them stand out. But when it turns brown and mousey it lets down your whole personality. It then lacks that alluring colourfulness that makes true blondes so lovely—so desirable. Now you can bring back that lovely natural blond colour—but not with ordinary shampoos... NEW STA-BLOND acts two ways. First, it washes all shades of light hair (fair, mousey or greyish) 2 to 4 shades lighter—brings back the golden beauty of childhood. It prevents fair or blond hair from darkening. Second, the precious VITAMIN "F"—especially incorporated—not only prevents and stops brittleness, dandruff and "falling out" but rejuvenates the roots—makes hair soft as silk, gives it new sheen and lustre. Your "perm" lasts better and looks longer. Contains no dye or injurious bleaches. Try it yourself, or insist that your hairdresser uses it. Results guaranteed.

STAY FAIR WITH STA-BLOND

HP SAUCE gives you that schoolboy appetite

To sit down really eager for your food—that's fine, isn't it? And that's what you'll do *every time* when there's H.P. Sauce to tempt your appetite.

9d PER BOTTLE — Picnic Size 3d

My New Way To End UNWANTED HAIR solves every woman's problem!

A great Scientist, after years of experiment, has at last found a quick, easy way to end superfluous hair. You simply wash it away with plain water. No smell, no mess or bother. This amazing discovery has been purchased by the manufacturers of "VEET" and is sold under the trade-mark NEW "VEET." Simply apply this delightfully perfumed white cream direct from the tube and then wash off. Every trace of hair is gone! The skin is soft and velvety smooth. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. The razor method is out of date—makes hair grow faster and coarser. The modern scientific way is NEW VEET. Tubes 1/3 and 2/6. Trial size 6d.

FINE LIFE PENSION OPPORTUNITY FOR JOHN BULL'S ENTERTAINING CROSSWORD

WINNER'S JOY WIRE ON THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER, APRIL 14

Win **25/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE** OR **£500 CASH**

D103

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award — to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull."

ACROSS CLUES

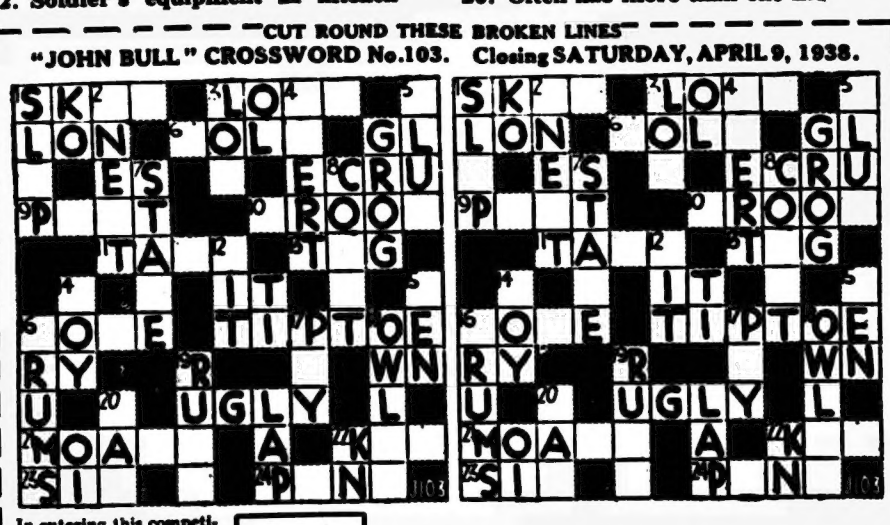
1. When put on by amateurs for the first time, a few slips are inevitable
3. Sometimes put on shelf
6. Swiss one is sometimes seen in shop window
9. Grocer sometimes gets this when customers ask for it
10. One should be handy in stables
11. One on caterpillars is apt to be very heavy
13. Small vessel for towing
16. One sometimes gets in glass
21. Sometimes there is nothing in them
22. Is made to hold plaster
23. Occupy a seat
24. One often has on house

DOWN CLUES

1. Detectives often give street bookie
2. Inactive
3. Cannot always be split
4. Watchful
5. One sometimes gets, in stew
7. Gardener sometimes has for plants
8. Young people generally do so on summer holiday
12. Soldier's equipment in kitchen
14. Old one is sometimes children's favourite
15. Good one enables hatching to be done more rapidly
16. Instruments ending doldrums
17. It's sometimes awkward to do this when you are being watched
18. Young owl
19. Bus conductor sometimes has to cope with
20. Often has more than one life

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No.103. Closing SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1938.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

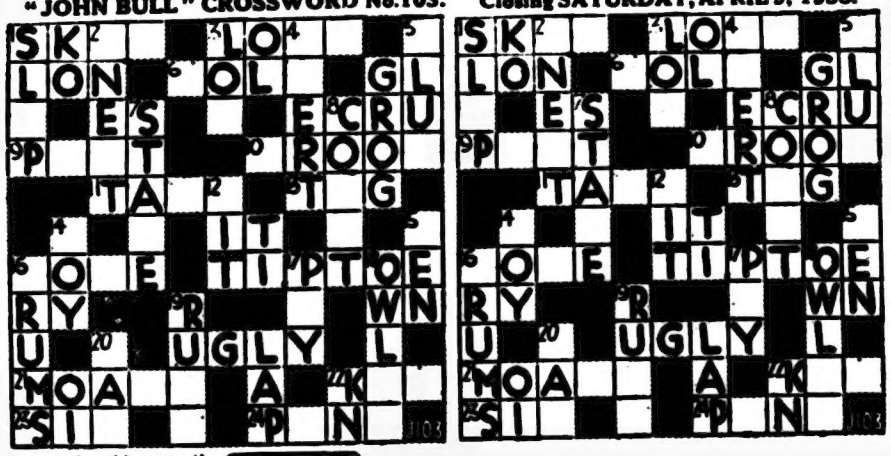
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No.103. Closing SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1938.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 103, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

3 Big Cheques, Radios and Hampers won in Crossword No. 100.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 100, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one square (see below) were the following three competitors:

M. GEORGE, Tramway Club, Knotty Ash, Liverpool.
MISS H. M. HUSBANDS, 259, Vicarage Road, Kings Heath, Birmingham.
A. N. MOORE, c/o Barrowmore Hall, Gt. Barrow, Nr. Chester.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a cheque for £200 will be sent to each, together with a £6 19s. 6d. Radio and Easter Hamper.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, April 5, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 73 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £1 7s. 5d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 408 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 97.

The £100 Bonus offered in connection with Crossword Competition No. 97 has been divided between 114 competitors and payments of 17s. 7d. have been despatched.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point MOTH and MYTH were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

Secure your Free weekly copy by enclosing with your Entry the Coupon on "Bullets" page.

COPY SQUARES ONLY

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, April 9, 1938.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull," each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 21. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, April 26, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 Cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 27.

★ NEW SERVICE FOR READERS

With your *Crossword* entry you may now enclose a *Bullets* entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to "John Bull," address joint entry envelope "Crossword No. 103 and 'Bullets' No. 1,115," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C. and B." in top left-hand corner.

Closing postmark of Saturday, April 9, allowed for such combined entries, thus providing Crossworders with extra day if also entering for *Bullets*.

FREE HELP

For six weeks' free supply of JOHN BULL'S Weekly *Bullets Bulletin and Crossword Gazette*, the finest help available for Competitors, enclose coupon on *Bullets* page with your entry.

Dad . . . And the Spring-Cleaning by Maz

The Editor Laughs Last

ANXIOUS (York).—"My son swallowed a shilling recently." Don't worry. You can't buy much with a bob nowadays.

L. Y. (Ripon).—"I don't like to see photographs standing on a chest of drawers." Then why not get down?

K. L. (Bath).—"I've just been reading of a ballet dancer's rapid rise to fame." By leaps and bounds, as it were.

H. H. (Nottingham).—"I believe that a movement in favour of coloured sandals for men is at hand." But not yet on foot.

EX-HURDLER (Ipswich).—"I was recently given the opportunity of becoming sports coach at a famous school." Of course, you jumped at the chance.

D. O. (Grantham).—"When anything squeaks in the house my husband brings out his oil-can." It must be a delicate job oiling mice.

L. E. (Becontree).—"My brother, who weighs twenty stone, wants to take up deep sea diving." In the hope of getting his weight down?

J. B. (Porth).—"We should study how much we can get out of our work." Most people study how much work they can get out of

B. V. R. (Radlett).—"Is everything in your office insured against theft?" Yes; everything except the clock. All members of the staff watch that.

REUBEN (Norwood).—"I wrote to a tailor for samples of new spring suitings." Going to nail up your creeper?

B. M. (Hitchin).—"It is possible for a man to be 100 per cent. stupid and never know it." But not if he is the father of a boy of seven or eight years.

D. H. (Walsall).—"I wonder why it is that editors return most of my articles?" Probably because you enclose stamps with them.

S. M. (Baldock).—"I felt sick and ill after my first day's hiking this year." That's the worst of sitting with your back to the motor lorry's engine.

K. G. (Retford).—"It is now possible to buy barometers at greatly reduced prices." Maybe it is, but we would rather see them go up at this time of the year.

P. N. (Oxford).—"How can one expect words of five and six syllables to be spelled by eight-year-old schoolchildren?" Incorrectly.

L. L. (Petersfield).—"My two little boys are very desirous of making a raft to go on the pond with. What would you advise me to do?" Teach them to swim.

G. F. (Richmond).—"Is it right that a hotel should charge for food even if you don't eat it?" Well, a charge is made for a bed even if you don't sleep.

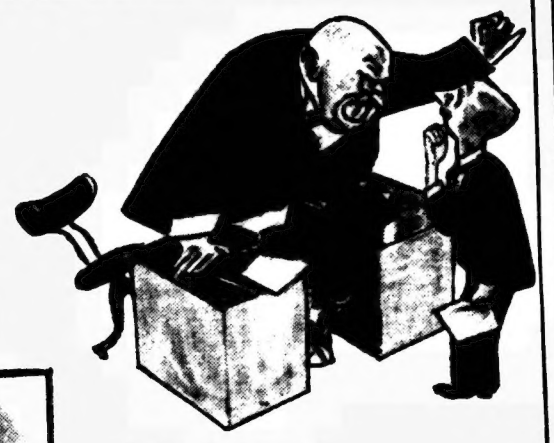
R. J. (Doncaster).—"What can a poor lonely bachelor do when he discovers that most of his trouser buttons are missing?" Buy a belt.

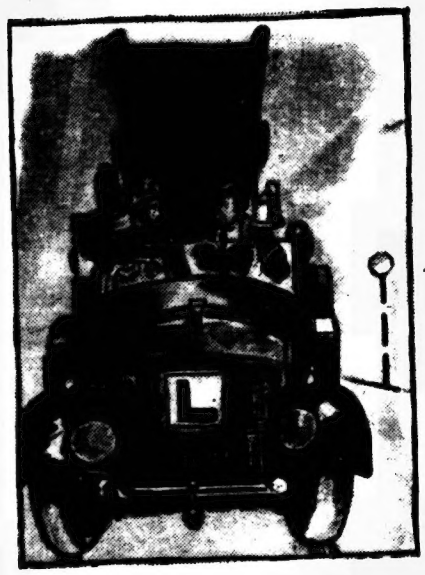
TAILOR (Kennington).—"I thought I would let you know you can now have very cheap suits to measure." Thanks very much, but we're not anxious to measure any.

S. R. (Leeds).—"Have you ever wondered what you would do if you had Lord Nuffield's income?" No. But we have often wondered what *he* would do if he had ours.

A. B. (Heaton).—"Every night before I go to bed I jot down my ideas in a little book. I have been doing this for a year." You must have nearly a page full by now.

IF you are troubled by any matter, except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.





"Do you object if I put on a bit of speed, examiner, we're going to a fire?" (From the "Passing Show")

P. T. (Esher).—"I am apt to be upset by trifles." Then stick to plainer food.

N. B. (Dover).—"He is still gloomy about his unsuccessful Channel swim a few years ago." He can't get over it.

R. L. (Bristol).—"Mine's a very shaky business." What do you do for a living—play dice?

S. R. (Letchworth).—"How does the average man regard his rate-collector?" Usually through a chink in the curtain.

F. W. (Clapham).—"There will soon be a lot more work for the men who keep London's parks tidy." Their business is picking up.

MISTRESS (Sutton).—"My new maid was pretty, and, owing to my husband's actions, I felt compelled to dismiss her." Hired, admired and fired!

F. T. (Streatham).—"True to my principles, I attended the function in an ordinary lounge suit." No change of front.

F. L. (Iver).—"How can one tell if the mushrooms one gathers for breakfast are edible or not?" Have breakfast and you'll soon know.

F. M. (Exeter).—"What is your first thought when you suddenly hear, 'Cuckoo, cuckoo'?" That it must be two o'clock.

K. B. (Bootle).—"My wife disapproves of gambling, and unfortunately she found a betting slip which I had left in my pyjamas." It came out in the wash?

F. Y. (Chester).—"What is the best thing for me to do in order to add to my collection of foreign coins?" Buy an automatic cigarette machine.

E. K. (Tonbridge).—"I have formed a debating society which will hold its meetings in the open-air this summer." So that members can discuss everything under the sun?

"Bullets" Illustrated:

He's the boss, so—
When liverish *gives* "pill"

M. B. (Ely).—"I confided my secret to four other women, all told." Obviously.

C. M. (Hendon).—"My sweet-pea plants are a picture." In a frame?

D. I. (Luton).—"I think that examinations are not fair tests of a person's capabilities." We're sorry you failed!

NICK (Middlesbro').—"My doctor says I can't play golf." He's been round with you, eh?

R. P. (Morden).—"What is the first thing a little boy must do if he has made up his mind to become a jockey?" Learn to ride a horse.

W. P. (Birmingham). — "I wonder whether it is true that boxers are not very keen on going to the cinema." Well, they don't like seeing stars.

P. G. B. (Richmond).—"Once the builders begin, it's surprising how quickly a house goes up." And if you want them to begin on a £1,200 house for *you*, start building your *Bullets* for those Ideal Home coupons on page 39.

P. M. (Colne).—"It is too early to start outdoor picnics yet." Then the mosquitoes we saw flying in formation near Epping Forest the other day must have been misinformed.

MRS. R. (Deal).—"I was so infuriated at the doleful colour he had painted the doors of my house that I ordered him to stop work and clear out." And never darken your doors again?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

THE MALTA CHRONICLE AND IMPERIAL SERVICES GAZETTE:—". . . since removing the SPEAKING plugs and ignition wires from my car I have not been able to replace them . . ."

URMSTON TELEGRAPH:—". . . the swish of feet in the main room dragging along the carnival ribbons, the ladies hugging BALLROOMS."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"She was being blown on to a lee shore and asked for immediate RESISTANCE."

STAFFORD NEWSLETTER:—"Letters were read from . . . regretting their ABILITY to attend."

THE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Did you live in considerable style—was it an expensive MENACE you had?"

THE WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—". . . by cutting his wrist with a safety razor blade. The JURY, however, was not serious . . ."

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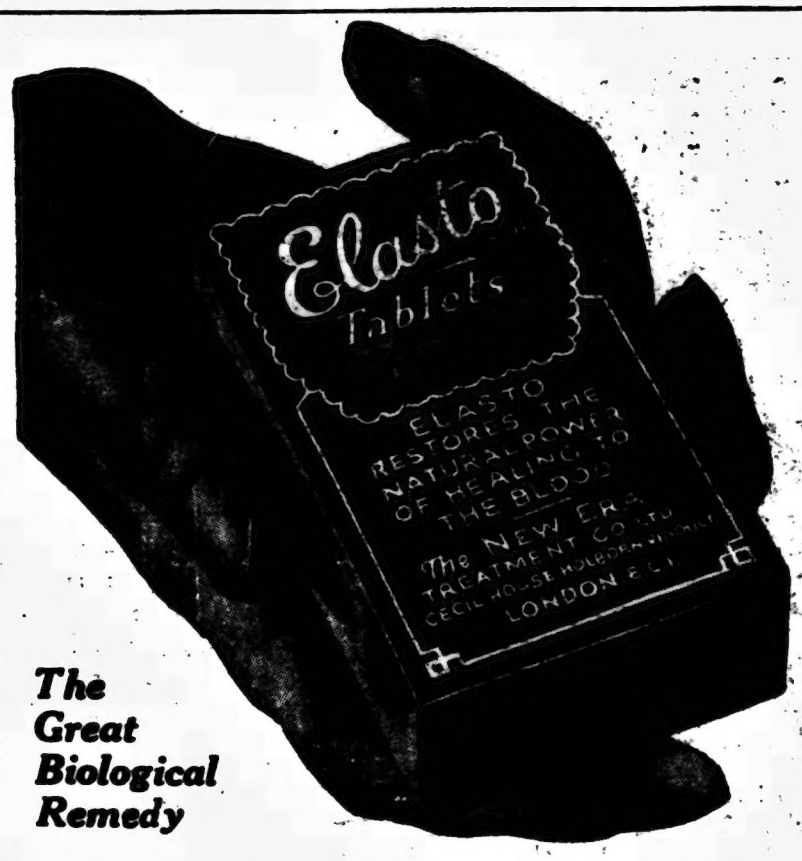

The Great Biological Remedy

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

REGISTERED

Not a Drug But a Vital Cell-Food

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the Wonderful New Biological Remedy.*

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."

"Varicose Veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"Now walk long distances with ease."

"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

"I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto."

"Now free from piles."

"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."

"After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."

"Elasto has cured my bad leg."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."

"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."

"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."

"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."

"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."

"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic."

"Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better."

"I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me."

"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 60."

"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit." Etc., Etc.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation: *the real basis of sound health.*

Healthy Blood—The Only Source of Healing!

Every sufferer should test this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! It is not a drug, but a vital cell food, which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before. It is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Take Elasto for:

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Anæmia, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all these troubles generally known as bad leg, Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed!

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Why is Elasto the Greatest of All Remedies For RHEUMATISM?

Because rheumatism is a *circulatory disease* and the treatment usually given for this widespread complaint is merely designed to counteract acidity. *Acid blood is not the cause of rheumatism, it is merely a symptom.* It is a physiological fact, not generally recognised, that a sluggish circulation, causing, as it does, *a deficiency of oxygen* in the blood and tissues and thus allowing an accumulation of toxic, waste material, is the real cause of rheumatism. Elasto re-establishes normal, healthy circulation and in doing so removes, not only the symptoms, *but the cause of rheumatism.*

COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

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